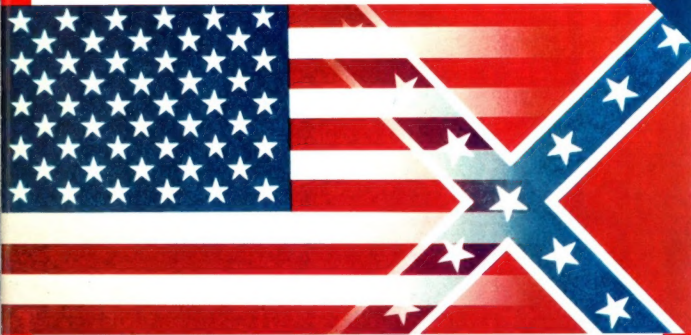


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TIME



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

To much of the nation, the South is a place apart, with manners and mores all its own. Yet not in 100 years has its role had such implications for the future of America as now. Last month more than 70 TIME correspondents, writers, reporter-researchers and editors set out to assess the South as it is today, to evaluate its present state—and its stimulating future. Working under the direction of Assistant Managing Editor Ray Cave, Washington News Editor Edward Jackson (a native of Mount Airy, N.C.) and James Bell, chief of the Atlanta bureau, they examined Southern politics, culture, business and society.

Not all of the staffers who worked on this week's special issue come from the eleven states of the old Confederacy, but many have ties to the region. Senior Writer Michael Demarest scouted through family recipes written in the spidery handwriting of New Orleans ancestors for his story on Southern cuisine. Associate Editor Spencer Davidson visited the Deep South for the first time since serving as Atlanta bureau chief in the 1960s—and returned North startled at the changes in Birmingham. Washington Correspondent Simmons Fentress, who did much of the political reporting, speaks with a pronounced North Carolina drawl, but a Mississippi lady told him, "I knew you weren't from the South." Washington Correspondent Arthur White toured the South for several weeks to report on the good life. One memorable locale: Georgia's Okefenokee Swamp.

An all-expense-paid Government vacation at Fort Jackson, S.C., during the Korean War, was one of Senior Writer Stefan Kanfer's recollections when he sat down to write our opening story and assessment of the Southern spirit. New York Correspondent Eileen Shields, while reporting on Southern agriculture, interviewed a farmer with 100 acres and a mule. Lost to the story was the mule—a venerable 25, it died the day after her visit.

For the Southerners on the staff, the assignment had a personal meaning. Some had left the South to work in New York or in bureaus around the world, but, says Washington Correspondent Bonnie Angelo, a North Carolinian: "Southerners never really leave. There's always a cranny of their psyche that cherishes the soft-edged South."

Paul Gray, who wrote the analysis of Southern fiction in Books, has admired William Faulkner "since I was young enough to have a hero." He remembers, from the days when he was an undergraduate at Ole Miss, watching the man he calls "the genius of the South" walking through Oxford, undisturbed by students or townspeople.

Nation Head Researcher Margaret Boeth, whose family has lived in Mississippi for seven generations, left the South for New York 19 years ago. "When I first arrived and people asked me where I was from, I'd say New York," she laughs. "It was ludicrous, in view of my accent. Now I proudly say I'm from Mississippi."

For Correspondent Jack White the past two years in the Atlanta bureau have been somewhat reassuring to him as a black. "The North is still battling things that have already been accomplished in the South," he says. "The South's my home, and I would like to raise my children there."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph by Alfred Gescheidt.



JACK WHITE WITH REMEMBRANCE OF A BLACK PAST



BONNIE ANGELO

PAUL GRAY



ARTHUR WHITE IN THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP



SPENCER DAVIDSON

MARGARET BOETH

What's New About the New South?

To the Editors:

Faulkner was speaking for Southerners when he said, "The past is not dead; it isn't even past." Having recently moved North after a life spent mostly in the South, I find Northerners wondering why Southerners talk as if the past were real. I tell them that in the South, we have been busy for a long time trying to sort out the past worth keeping from the past worth getting rid of. It's a job that connects us with most of the world's people today—the vital business of achieving a particular identity in a plural world.

For my own part, I hope Southerners (white and black) don't forget the



TENNESSEE MANSION



ATLANTA SKYSCRAPER

suffering, the defeat, the injustice of Southern history, or the courage it took to endure and throw some of it off. We Americans can use that remembering. It might remedy our rootlessness, our disdain for limits. And it might free us for change.

I have always wondered if a Southerner put up that famous sign over the Western bar: "I ain't what I oughta be; I ain't what I'm gonna be; but I ain't what I was."

*Donald W. Shriver Jr., President
Union Theological Seminary
New York City*

It was the mid-'50s, and my home town, Clinton, Tenn., had just become integrated. Many of the scenes of those days will never leave my memory. At the courthouse, endless speeches inflamed the night air. On the outskirts of town lighted crosses sat overlooking the city as white knights danced beneath them. On my 15th birthday a series of bombs erupted inside our school, and for two years I was among 1,000 high school students who rode 13 miles a day to a lent-out grammar school, where

the commodes were the right height for second-graders.

Recently my wife and I went to Montgomery, Ala., to pick up our first child, an adopted daughter. As we got in the car to leave, I whispered to her, "Melinda, thank heavens you never knew, you never knew."

*Dan Kenneth Phillips
Jacksonville, Ala.*

Love and Hate

I was born and raised in Clinton, N.C., the son of two professionals who happen to be black. I lived in New Jersey for 13 years. I regret my return to the Sunbelt.

The first major shock was the disproportionate number of young blacks with college degrees who were unemployed and turning to alcohol and drugs. It was also obvious that the arrogance and greed of the white community remained largely unchanged. My wife, who happens to be white, was able to observe some of this firsthand. There was a prevailing hostility toward blacks, but what was most shocking was the automatic assumption by whites that all other whites shared this hostility. What has been harder for my wife to accept is the hostility of the black community toward her. I'm beginning to hate myself for loving this place as I do.

*DeFord A. Jones
Clinton, N.C.*

Forever Proud

The new spirit of the American South is an outgrowth of the trauma experienced by the U.S. in the '60s and early '70s. Long the nation's moral whipping boy, the South gained its amnesty during a period of racial tension, assassination, war, urban unrest, youthful alienation and political misconduct that left no American unaffected.

Free to think of itself in a different light, the South has replaced self-righteous demagoguery with genuine pride. The South has always been proud of its ways despite, perhaps even because of, the derision it suffered for its shortcomings. But the new Southern pride is based on the steady progress the region has made toward overcoming its problems while retaining its special identity.

*Albert Oetgen
Savannah, Ga.*

Lost Our Character

Forty years ago, Columbia, S.C., was a sleepy little Southern town (pop. 40,000) with wide streets, a farmers'

market, 12 o'clock whistles, midday dinner, and lots of blacks living in decaying little shacks who helped with the house, yard and children for shameful wages—but then nobody had much money in those days. You would not believe the transformation we have undergone: enclosed, air-conditioned malls every few blocks, high-rise apartments and complexes, condominiums, housing for the elderly, underprivileged, young and swingy, middle-aged and any category. No more slums and quaint neighborhoods. Blacks hold important jobs. They are heads of agencies, live in exclusive neighborhoods, get elected to judgeships and the legislature. To say that maids and yardmen are vanishing would be trite. About the only thing that has not changed is the weather—still beastly hot in summer and mild in winter.

We have entered the mainstream of America. We're already complaining about the traffic congestion, and it won't be long before we'll have smog and pollution to contend with. It's a good feeling not to be apologetic about being a Southerner, but it's not the same South. We've lost our character, but I guess that's the price of progress.

*Evelyn Baker Alton
Columbia, S.C.*

A Computer and a Bible

The thing that I find most interesting about the New South is that it clings to traditional values. The New South is carrying a computer in one hand and the Bible in the other.

*Tarek Hamada
St. Louis*

In Los Angeles the only game in town seems to be talking about "getting your head together" and then never doing it. In New York it's fashionable to decry the physical deterioration of "landmark" buildings and then forget about them on the way to your air-conditioned office. But in Charleston, S.C., citizens' groups have restored entire blocks to antebellum splendor.

Southerners are working out a consensus between the dynamics of contemporary living and the values of traditional life.

*Edmund Guertin Jr.
Los Angeles*

Lust and Eden

The South is space, light, trees, the sun. The South is mediocrity, violence, boosterism, glorified ignorance. It is friendliness and a joy in simple pleasures—and simple ideas. It is row upon row

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Rand McNally



and
you thought
we just made
maps

FORUM

of churches, Maginot-like bastions against the Forces of Darkness. It is the Darkness as well: a lust for guilty, drunken excess. And, perhaps most memorably, the South is sudden visions of Eden, like crossing the Black Warrior River in Alabama at dusk and looking down to see the Peaceable Kingdom, painted in gold and rust.

Michael Riggall
Atlanta

The Big Switch

The move to the Sunbelt is on! It appears that the rest of this country has discovered the South's faith in God and belief in the Judeo-Christian ethic.

Edward S. Moak
Brookhaven, Miss.

Look Away, Dixiecrats

The only change I can see in the past 50 years is that the Dixiecrats have finally registered as Republicans.

Helen Doyle
Fort Myers, Fla.

View from Vereeniging

Brought up in the South after being transplanted from the North at age twelve, I witnessed a good deal of change there during my formative years. But the magnitude of the change never really

struck me until I was assigned to my present job in South Africa.

Here I feel as though I were living in the Southern U.S. of the early 1800s. I believe the progress in the American South will eventually result in more harmonious race relations than now exist in other areas of America. I cannot predict the same for South Africa.

Robert P. Davids
Vereeniging, South Africa

Fear of Liking

The South has many new and exciting attractions, but many people are scared to visit for fear they may like it.

Tracey Mitchell
Memphis

Southern Hospitality

I have one thing to say concerning our Northern brothers' growing interest in coming here: "Yankees, go home!"

Larry Henley
Pruitt, Ark.

Wrong Issue

You have assigned the wrong title to your issue. It should be: "Why Have the People of the U.S. Changed?"

Integration, Social Security, Medicare, investments by foreign companies, welfare, farm subsidies and wildlife pro-

tection have taken place in the North, South, East and West. These are many of the things that have transformed this large country. The change cannot be assigned to only one region—the South.

Hallie F. Blair
Blair, S.C.

In 92 Years...

I have been a Southerner for my 92 years—born and reared in Kentucky, moved for a while to North Carolina, married into Tennessee.

The South is changing, but the "upper crust" has resisted so far. There is more flexibility in its thinking and actions, but down deep little real change. I recall the constant admonition, "Remember who you are"—and that meant a Southern lady or gentleman.

Our Yankee friends have changed too. The Southern gentleness has often been "caught" as the mixing brought on by marriage, college and business transfers has made Southerners and Northerners speak, eat, live more alike.

I truly believe that before another 92 years go by, the good people of the U.S. will live up to the name Union.

Mary Caperton Bowles Dale
Columbia, Tenn.

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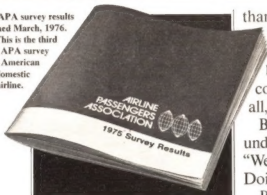
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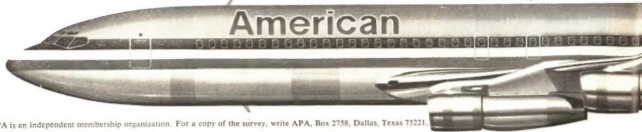
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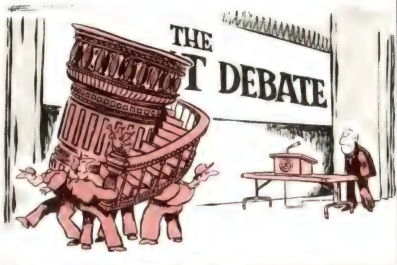
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"Scuse me there, fella, is this where Carter's pulpit goes?"



"It's Mr. Nixon—offering some pointers on debates."

THE NATION SEPTEMBER 27, 1976 Vol. 108, No. 13

TIME

THE NATION

THE CAMPAIGN

Ford and Carter Prep for D-Day

President Gerald Ford's ammunition was two briefing books: a 50-page collection of memos summarizing his position on nearly every conceivable campaign issue and a more than 400-page volume of the quotations of candidate Jimmy Carter. Carter's arsenal of issues and answers was contained in two thick briefing books, each bound in black vinyl. Both candidates were, of course, psyching themselves up for D-day: this week's potentially pivotal opening debate in the presidential campaign of 1976. Both claimed to be confidently looking forward to the face-to-face meeting before some 800 reporters and members of the sponsoring League of Women Voters in Philadelphia's aging (built in 1808) but renovated Walnut Street Theater.

At week's end, television network executives and sponsors were still squabbling over ground rules, and CBS threatened not to telecast the debate, apparently because a correspondent was rejected as a panelist. All three networks said they might not cover the debate unless audience reaction shots are permitted. A court challenge this week by minor party candidates also could threaten the debate.

The chances are that it will be held, and a television audience of perhaps as many as 100 million Americans will be watching. A large percentage of them might well decide which man to support on the basis of what they see that night. Even though there will be two more debates between Carter and Ford, first impressions are difficult to shake,

as the 1960 opening debate between Jack Kennedy and Richard Nixon demonstrated. It may well be that the Philadelphia showdown is a more crucial test for Carter than it is for Ford.

That had not seemed true when Ford issued his debate challenge at the Republican Convention in mid-August. Then Carter was far ahead in all the opinion polls and Ford seemed to be playing a desperate catch-up game. The President still trails, but much more narrowly. Yet for better or worse, depending on the voter, he is a known quantity. By contrast, despite Carter's all-out post-convention campaigning, he remains the man on whom millions of voters are still reserving judgment. If he reassures his shaky majority, he might breeze on toward certain victory. If he fails to do so, his support could erode fatally.

Despite all the hoopla on the road, the campaign has been in a state of suspension, awaiting the debates. To be sure, Ford has been scoring political points even while turning "presidential"—signing bills, making pronouncements on policy, calling impromptu press conferences. Carter, too, has gained ground with his party faithful in wide-ranging forays, but he has sparked little noticeable enthusiasm among the independents he must win and the conservative Democrats he must hold.

Verbal Beat. Ford formally opened his campaign last week in his home state at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. He packed the university's 14,000-seat Crisler Arena. Speaking from a platform dwarfed by a huge

maize-colored M on a field of blue, he was introduced by a band that shifted neatly from the school song "Hail to the victors" to *Hail to the Chief*. Ford retained his composure as a group of hecklers boomed parts of his speech and he flinched but barely missed a verbal beat as a cherry bomb went off in the stands.

Ford's speech itself was less explosive. His themes were mostly familiar from the primary campaign, although he deftly sliced up his opponent. "It is not enough for anyone to say 'Trust me,'" Ford declared. "Trust must be earned.... Trust is not cleverly shading words so that each separate audience can hear what it wants to hear, but saying plainly and simply what you mean—and meaning what you say." That brought a standing ovation.

Ford also scored political points as he directed U.N. Ambassador William Scranton to cast a U.N. veto of Viet Nam's attempts to join the United Nations, mainly because it has failed to supply complete information on U.S. servicemen still missing in Southeast Asia. (Carter said he wholeheartedly favored the veto on the same grounds.) Apparently because of the likely veto, the Security Council postponed action on Viet Nam until after the U.S. election.

The Ford camp at week's end pounced gleefully on what aides hope will turn out to be a major Carter gaffe. In an interview with Associated Press, Carter suggested that if elected he would try to "shift" the tax burden by boosting rates for Americans earning more than "the mean or median level." This

would mean higher taxes for those earning more than \$14,000 a year. Chortled James Lynn, Ford's budget director: "An incredible position for a candidate to take." Carter spokesmen charged the G.O.P. with distortion, pointing out that he made clear in the interview that he has not worked out his tax program.

Carter last week spoke to his largest crowd of the entire campaign season: 70,000 farmers attending a "farm fest" on a muddy field in Minnesota's rural Lake Crystal. Introduced rousing by Senator Hubert Humphrey, who accused the Ford Administration of "violating the law" in imposing embargoes on foreign grain sales, Carter assailed Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz and used a subtle "we" to identify with his attentive audience. "I never met a farmer who wanted a handout," Peanut Processor Carter said. "I never met a farmer who wanted the Government to guarantee him a profit. But we do want to be treated fairly."

Bigotry Backlash. Carter seemed to be benefiting from a growing backlash against the National Conference of Catholic Bishops' efforts to make abortion a major campaign issue. The bishops' stress on the subject and their apparent preference for Ford's position had met with serious objection within the church. The National Federation of Priests' Councils urged "a more balanced image" on the issues, and the National Coalition of American Nuns announced it intended to endorse Carter.

Last week the bishops called another press conference to "clarify" matters. "I make no apology for the position we've taken on abortion," said Archbishop Joseph Bernardin, president of the conference. But Bernardin also noted that "we are not supporting religious-bloc voting, nor are we instructing people for whom to vote. We reject any interpretation of the meetings with the candidates as indicating a preference for either candidate or party."

THE DEBATES

Jostling for the Edge

As the two candidates readied themselves for their first debate this week and their teams of seconds wrangled over the details, TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian followed the maneuverings of both sides. His report:

It was a matter of style. Gerald Ford's negotiators said it was necessary that the two debaters be standing. It was undignified and out of the question for the President to be seated during any debate. But Jimmy Carter's men wanted their candidate seated, both to minimize Ford's height advantage (6 ft. 1 in. v. 5 ft. 10 in.) and because Carter, like most people, tends to be less aggressive sitting down. It was fine for Jimmy to be aggressive with Ford, but not at the risk of ridiculing the presidency. Carter's team lost: it would be a stand-up debate.

The bargaining for cosmetic advantages went on. The Carter people struck back, insisting that the debaters not stand behind presidential-size lecterns. That way, they thought, Ford's chunky torso would be more clearly visible. More important, a big presidential lectern would mask one of slim Jimmy's resources: his agile physique. "Jimmy uses his hands and body beautifully," said one of the Carter team. "The President has zero body language." The Carter group won the lower, more revealing lecterns.

There was something almost silly about all this jostling for an edge, for the most trivial advantage that might make the debaters look or behave better. Except that the stakes were so large, the impact of the 1960 Kennedy-Nixon debates still so sharply felt in every politician's gizzard. This first debate would

surely be the most critical event of the 1976 campaign, and both candidates knew it.

As the President's strategists view it, the debate offers Ford two large opportunities. First, as a man with 28 years in Government, he can show himself as a leader with a broad grasp of all the issues. Ford can be impressive in his presentation of an argument. Last February, during the New Hampshire primary campaign, he delivered to state and local officials an explanation of the new federal budget that some observers thought—remarkable, considering the subject—was outstanding in its detail and clarity. As House minority leader in the '60s, standing in the well of the House and speaking from hastily scribbled notes, Ford became skilled at summing up debates. Remember one colleague: "He was never abrasive, even though he was always partisan, and he never showed the tension."

Soft Attacker. The second opportunity is to make Carter seem hypocritical on the issues. "Carter is such a delicious target," says one Ford counselor. "He promises everybody." The question among the staff is whether Ford has the finesse to bring off such an exercise. "Ford is not a hard attacker," says Stu Spencer, the President's deputy campaign manager. "He went after Reagan in Texas on the Panama Canal and wound up shooting himself in the leg. He's a soft attacker." But ever since his scrappy acceptance speech in Kansas City, Ford seems to have a new enthusiasm about himself. He has pored over Carter's statements for the past several years and memorized the inconsistencies he has found there. If the questioners do not challenge Carter this week,

JUDGING JIMMY'S SMILE



Right On



A Little Off



Overkill



HIGH-LOW PODIUM POKER



Overexposed Enhanced

Ford will. Says one top adviser: "He still hasn't gotten over that high feeling of Kansas City. I walked into his room that night and he was still dripping with perspiration. It was a beautiful adrenaline flow." His staff believes Ford can get away with being tougher than Carter in the debate because the President is seen by an overwhelming majority of the public as a nice guy.

Good Smiles. Ford has his drawbacks. He can be slow in repartee, and his hesitations show. To make this less noticeable, Ford's team coaxed the Carter group into allowing seven cameras in the theater to provide closeups, zoom shots and split-screen lens movement that may help animate Ford's wooden image. He is being coached on certain words that give him trouble. He tends, for example, to say "jud-uh-ment," stretching the word into three syllables. None of this worries his close friend Senator Robert Griffin very much. "People don't expect much from Ford and that will be a real advantage. Nixon was supposed to be a super debater, and look what happened to him."

One undebatable advantage Ford brings with him into the Philadelphia theater is the presidency and its aura. Carter may have been acting like a President since June—receiving important visitors in Plains while Ford desperately charged around the country hustling delegates—but this week Carter must reckon with the fact that he is just a challenger. "What bothers me," says Charles Kirbo, Carter's closest counselor, "is that the more heavily Jimmy scores, the more people might feel he's ridiculing

the office. People don't like to see their President put down." Actually, that worried Carter less than it did his staff, at first he wanted to put questions to Ford directly. The debate rules now forbid that, but the relaxed format and the casual dispositions of the two candidates may still lead to direct exchanges.

Carter is confident of his ability to sound knowing on the issues; the press and public have been chewing on him for more than a year. He is a cool, collected performer. His speech at the Democratic Convention in July showed how much personal force lies behind the soft voice and gentle manners. The Carter strategy is to attack Ford's record—mainly on the issues of inflation, jobs and leadership—but very carefully to avoid any knocks at the presidency. This poses an additional bit of tactical trivia for Carter: how to refer to his opponent. Calling him "Mr. President" might seem too deferential. A simple "Mr. Ford," on the other hand, might be a trifle patronizing. As the debate got closer, the possibility of just saying "President Ford" was favored.

There was a further problem. A briefing book for Carter prepared by four Democratic campaign strategists pointed out that he sometimes tends to smile at inappropriate times—when people criticize him, for example. Says one Carter staffer: "Jimmy has his good smiles and his bad smiles." Carter's image chief, Jerry Rafshoon, has his own favorite, which he calls the humble smile. "It's when he smiles with his lower lip, the lips almost pressed together." The wide smile looks forced and

sometimes comes across as a smirk, say other smile watchers, and some people have asked Carter to stop it.

But Carter has far more crucial considerations than his appearance. In the past few weeks, he has stretched himself terribly thin to hold together his disparate coalition of support. It reaches from the conservative South through the industrial North, and Carter's politics of reconciliation often leads him into telling various factions what he thinks will best keep them with him. One critic has labeled him Everyman—the candidate who needs everyone's vote. In the debates, all these factions will be listening together and Carter will have to address them as one constituency.

The black briefing book, prepared by Counselors Ted Van Dyk, John Stewart, Frank Mankiewicz and Ted Sorensen, includes 15 areas of issues, as well as 40 questions likely to be put to Carter, and suggested answers. Said one of the four who worked on it: "It is a sobering list for Carter." The book warns that the questioners will surely challenge Carter in two areas: issues that he has seemed to straddle (like suggesting a strong military posture with a reduced defense budget), and social issues (like amnesty, abortion and busing). The most feared prospect in the book: that a questioner will string together half a dozen positions on which Carter has been accused of ambivalence and leave him in the impossible position of having to clarify his stands in the brief time allowed.

No Notes. Actually, under the rules of the 90-minute debate, each candidate will have three minutes in which to answer questions. Candidates may make notes but not bring any background materials. If there is a follow-up question, the candidate will have another two minutes to reply further. The opponent will then be permitted his own comment of two minutes on the subject. There will be no opening statements, but at the end of the debate, Ford and Carter will be allowed three-minute summaries.

One evening a few weekends ago, Carter, in work clothes and boots, sat in the den of his Plains home. An old kinescope of the first Kennedy-Nixon debate had been set up for him, and he studied the two candidates closely. At the end he agreed that the images of the debate—the ways Nixon and Kennedy had looked and acted—had made more of an impression on him than the content of the questions and their answers.

In 1976, style again is almost certain to be more impressive than substance. If Carter comes across as a believable man, capable and fair, he will undoubtedly attract that controlling group of voters who are eager for a change. But if he shows poorly, is seen as calculating or waffling or brittle, his Everyman could turn into No Man, the candidate who reached for so many constituencies that he wound up with none.

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TIME CITIZENS' PANEL

So Far, a Personality Test

To track how the voters make up their minds this election year, TIME has commissioned the public opinion research firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc. to interview periodically members of a TIME Citizens' Panel. A similar panel was used to measure the mood of voting-age Americans in the months before the 1972 presidential election. The 1976 panel consists of 300 registered voters chosen at random out of a carefully selected sample of 1,500 people who are a cross section of the national electorate. The first report follows:

More than anything else—the economy, national defense and Big Government—voters this year are concerned with the two candidates' personalities. Only three out of ten panelists believe that Americans will vote primarily on the basis of the campaign issues. The majority see the election as being a choice between two men and their abilities to handle the Oval Office job. But one out of two panelists has not yet irrevocably decided how to vote and could be swayed in either direction. This group includes nominal supporters of both Carter and Ford, though Carter's backing tends to be particularly thin.

The Debates. Regardless of whom they support, eight out of ten panelists were eagerly looking forward to this week's verbal duel as a way to get to know the candidates better. Said Marie Silence, a Republican from Jacksonville: "I want to see who is quickest answering [questions] and who will be caught off guard." Predicted Harvey Hartner, a pro-Ford laborer in Fairview, Kans.: "I'll find out a lot of things about them when they are on the spot. You can find out what they really stand for."

• **Carter's not a party to the mess in Washington, scandals, Watergate.**

By 4 to 3, the panelists expect Carter to do better than Ford in the debates. Explained Mrs. Howard Cable, a moderate Democrat in Hyattsville, Md.: "I think that Carter has a stronger personality." Said Eleanor Squeglia, a conservative Democrat in Medford, Mass.: "He can express his feelings better than Ford. Ford can't make speeches without a written [text] in front of him. You can't have a debate off a piece of paper." Nevertheless, many of the panelists believe Ford will benefit in the de-

bates from his 28 years in Washington. Said Clyde Bullington, a blue-collar liberal from Madison Heights, Mich.: "Ford has the experience. Ford's been in politics longer. He knows the ropes." But many panelists believe this will be offset by Carter's legwork during the campaign. Said Alvin Harris, the black manager of a housing project in Danbury, Conn.: "Carter is more knowledgeable of the needs of the American people. Carter has done his homework, visiting different areas of the country."

Doubts about Carter. The debates are particularly important to Carter. One out of three Ford backers on the panel said he might be willing to switch to Carter, but only if Carter can demonstrate in the debates that he is clearly the better man for the job. Carter also still has to prove himself to many of his own supporters, even to some of those who cannot imagine themselves actually voting for Ford.

One out of five Carter backers is not yet certain who the Democratic candidate is and where he stands. In addition, two out of three panelists fault Carter for being fuzzy on the issues. Paul Pizzini, a white-collar worker from Baltimore, likes Carter's fresh face, self-confidence and "Southern-fried charisma" but complained that "he changes his mind." Said Faith Foss, a college professor from Northampton, Mass.: "I think he goes with the wind." Some voters suspect that Carter is deliberately obfuscating. Said Leila Rohde, the wife of a postman in Sun Valley, Ariz.: "He speaks half-truths. He talks like a lawyer, undermining what he said so that you don't know what to believe after a time." Still others would agree with the skeptical view of Douglas Ross, a moderate Republican from Jacksonville, N.C., that "all candidates are fuzzy on the issues." Added Rosemary Werner, an elderly conservative Republican from Lancaster, Calif.: "It's very risky to vote for anyone, really."

One out of five panelists fears that Carter would turn out to be a big spender. Said Judith DeWilde, a moderate Republican from Doylestown, Pa.: "He's promising all things to all people. Somebody has to say who is going to pay for the guaranteed wage program and the national health bill." A third of the panel shared the feeling that Carter is too much of an unknown, and that makes

• **Carter speaks half-truths, so you don't know what to believe.**

it risky to vote for him. Said Marie Silence: "I'm afraid of Carter and the radical changes he might make. Nobody really knows what he will do." Carter's strong religious beliefs also come in for criticism, though mostly from Ford supporters on the panel; 20% of them raised it as an issue. But Claire Briones, a liberal Democrat from Staten Island, N.Y., argued that even if Carter "might get carried away because of his religious beliefs, his common sense will take over and guard him."

• **Ford's been in politics longer. He knows the ropes.**

At the same time, Carter has demonstrated many strengths to the panelists. Among them is the fact that he is a new face and his election would mean a change in Government. Said Gerald Levy, a college professor from Norfolk, Va.: "He's the sort of person who could run the Congress. He's not a party to the mess in Washington, scandals, Watergate." Added Opal Lafayette, a blue-collar Democrat from Flint, Mich.: "Carter knows what it is like to work, and we need somebody to understand the little guy."

Doubts About Ford. Many of Ford's supporters on the panel have doubts about him. One out of five of them questions whether he has leadership ability, and one out of ten questions whether he is smart enough for the job. Said Francis Lindgren, a white-collar worker from Wayland, Mich.: "I don't look at Ford as being a truly great leader. When he gives a speech, it sounds like it came out of a can." Added Bill Mills, a plant manager from Denison, Texas: "I don't think he is as smart as other Presidents we've had. I think that he might be talked into something and he won't realize what he is doing."

• **When Ford gives a speech, it sounds like it came out of a can.**

One out of ten panelists backing Ford has doubts about him because of his pardon of Richard Nixon. Voicing many of these suspicions, Marie Flaherty, the wife of an insurance salesman in St. Petersburg, Fla., said: "I think it was planned between Ford and Nixon." The pardon also ranks with two out of three panelists supporting Carter. Said Dorothy Duncan, a conservative Democrat from Salem, Va.: "Nixon should have been treated like any other man and gotten the punishment that any

other man would have gotten." In addition, six out of ten Carter supporters shared the complaint of Isabelle Sullivan, a blue-collar Democrat from Geneva, N.Y., that "Ford does use his veto power so much—and not for the good of the country." But only one out of six Ford supporters has similar misgivings about the vetoes.

According to the panelists, Ford's chief strengths are experience, honesty, sincerity and reliability. Said Harvey Hartter: "I think he's done a good job with what he had to work with." Added Lorraine Tally, a young conservative Republican from Oklahoma City: "He's been in Government for a number of years. He's very strong—able to make decisions."

The Issues. Although the campaign thus far appears to center mostly on the candidates' personalities and their abilities to handle the presidency, issues do matter to about a third of the panelists. Further, when all of the panelists were asked to describe the issues of greatest concern to them, half mentioned the nation's economy. Said Agnes Jueschke, a moderate Democrat from Edgewater, Colo.: "I would like to see more employment. I would like to see all the prices stabilized."

But the panelists showed little interest in the other issues. Only one out of six, most of them Republicans, mentioned foreign affairs and national defense as an important issue. One out of ten brought up Government spending and a balanced budget. Terrell Swimer, a restaurant owner in St. Augustine, Fla., thought that a Republican President could "cut out some of that spending—we'll never get out of debt." Fewer than one out of ten panelists said their votes would depend on issues such as the candidates' positions on abortion, amnesty for draft dodgers and welfare reform.

The Mood. One reason why voters were paying more attention to personalities than issues may be their somewhat ambivalent mood about conditions in the country. While almost two out of three panelists feel that things are going fairly well these days, they are almost evenly divided on whether the worst is behind the nation. Most Ford supporters think that this is the case; most Carter supporters are worried about what lies ahead. Said Mrs. DeWilde: "Industry is beginning to build. Housing developments are going up. This is a good sign that the worst is behind us." On the other hand, Nellie Hohnke, a Carter supporter from Kalamazoo, Mich., maintained that "the war is at least behind us, but I don't think the economy will get any better unless there are some changes." Whether the mood of the electorate swings will have an important bearing on the future. Increased optimism about the future would probably help Ford. But any growth in voters' worries about the future would greatly benefit Carter.

NEW YORK

The Luck of the Irish

His theme song in the long and strident campaign had been a snappy rendition of *Coney Island Baby*, calling to mind his debonair manner and cherubic smile. But on the day after the votes were counted, his top aide said: "We're going to change to *With a Little Bit of Luck*." As it turned out, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, 49, needed all the luck of the Irish last week to defeat Congresswoman Bella Abzug, 56, by 1% of the total vote to win a five-candidate contest for the Democratic senatorial nomination in New York State.

The fight between Moynihan and Abzug was an ungentelemanly and unladylike brawl—even for New York's Democrats. Bullhorn-voiced and madly hatted, Congresswoman Abzug, serving her third liberal term in the House, scorned her opponent as being little more than a Republican masquerading as a Democrat, and made much of the fact that he had served Richard Nixon as puckish gadfly, adviser and, ultimately, Ambassador to India. In turn, Moynihan made Abzug sound like the wicked witch of the West Side, implying she was guilty of "demagoguery and hypocrisy" for proclaiming her support of Israel while not voting for U.S. defense funds. When Abzug refused at first to say she would endorse Moynihan if he won, the former Harvard professor of urban politics inveighed that she was a zealot who believed in the politics of "rule or ruin."

Antique Attitudes. In the end, Abzug was hurt the most by the fact that there were two other well-known and certified liberals in the primary race: New York City Council President Paul O'Dwyer and Ramsey Clark, Lyndon Johnson's Attorney General. (The fifth Democratic candidate was a political maverick named Abraham Hirschfeld, a parking-garage builder.) On election day Clark got 93,000 votes and O'Dwy-

er 84,000. Moynihan ended up with only a 327,000 to 318,000 victory over Bella.

Now Moynihan must take on James Buckley, 53, completing his first term in the Senate. A casual, attractive conservative, Buckley's theme line is: "We must get the government off our backs and out of our pockets." He caused a flutter just before the Republican National Convention in Kansas City by making himself available for the presidential nomination, a foredoomed maneuver seen as an effort to block Jerry Ford for a while and keep alive the chances of Conservative Ronald Reagan. For Buckley, the play was characteristically unorthodox; although 40% of the state's voters live in New York City, he initially refused to support federal aid for the municipality during its financial crisis—a point that Moynihan, with great relish, is already saying illustrates his opponent's "antique" attitudes.

Their contest should be among the most literate and witty in the nation this fall. During a panel discussion after the primary, Buckley referred to Moynihan as "professor," somehow managing to evoke with his richly cultivated tone the image of a chalk-dusty elitist woefully out of touch with reality. Up shot the Moynihan Mephistophelean eyebrow. With mock outrage he fulminated: "Boy, this campaign is getting rough. I might call you a businessman!"



NEW YORK SENATORIAL LOSER BELLA ABZUG

WINNER PAT MOYNIHAN



FORD AUTO WORKERS BEGIN PICKETING THE ROUGE PLANT IN DEARBORN, MICH.

LABOR

A Job-Seeking Ford Strike

This year, it was supposed to have been different. Ford Motor Co. was struck in 1967, General Motors in 1970 and Chrysler in 1973, but this time everyone in a position to prophesy had said that the triennial contract talks between the United Auto Workers and the automobile manufacturers would surely end amicably. It was not to be. Last week 170,000 Ford employees in 22 states put down their tools and walked off the lines.

Historically, the U.A.W. has declined to call industry-wide strikes, preferring instead to zero in on a so-called target company—this year, Ford. The union's logic: the target company, fearing a loss of business to the competition if it alone was struck, would do its best to meet labor's demands. Talks began in July, and Ford, as is the custom, presented a skimpy mettle-testing counteroffer to the U.A.W.'s platform. No problem so far: a walkout still seemed remote.

No Bite. Then, early this month, Ford produced a second offer that the union also deemed unpalatable. "We would sit there for hours," reports a U.A.W. negotiator. "and nothing would be happening. We even offered some concessions on minor issues, and they wouldn't bite." Ford made its final proposal the day before the strike deadline. After 90 minutes of *pro forma* wrangling, it was clear there would be no settlement. The next day, U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock called a strike in time for the evening TV news. "Ford," he declared, "has been unresponsive and unwilling to engage in serious bargaining." Sidney McKenna, Ford's vice pres-

ident for labor relations and its chief negotiator, insisted that the company had presented offers totaling "over \$1 billion in value."

Perhaps so, except that the central issue this year was not money but time off and jobs. In order to compel the automakers to hire more workers, the union asked that employees be granted an extra day off each month. Company Chairman Henry Ford II, however, considered adequate the 33 days off a year that the average Ford worker now gets. "You can't pay people for not working and have growth in the economy," he said early this month. In its eleventh-hour offer, the company proposed an elaborate scheme whereby employees could win up to five extra days off if they compiled clean attendance records. Responded the union, Ford's plan "would not make any major progress toward creating new jobs and lowering unemployment in this country."

The parties differed on other important issues too. The union wanted cash payments to retired workers to ease the bite of recent inflation; the company offered them a dental plan. The U.A.W. asked that cost of living adjustments to wages be sweetened. Ford refused, but offered base-pay raises of up to 82¢ an hour over the new three-year contract. Said Woodcock, noting Ford's record first-half profits of \$785 million. "They were obviously in a strong financial position to meet the proposals we have made."

Even a short strike would take its toll. Some industry analysts reckon that

Ford could lose up to \$250 million a week in revenues; lost wages add up to an estimated \$50 million a week; and suppliers who sell Ford everything from tires to sandwiches also suffer. An extended strike would be particularly painful for Ford. The dealers have on hand some 300,000 of the 1976 and 1977 cars, but many of the year-old ones are models that had been selling poorly. Once the best pickings are depleted, Ford is sure to lose its market share—and the U.A.W.'s target-company strategy will be at work in textbook fashion.

ENVIRONMENT

Ozone Alert

Few things seem more uniquely American than spray cans, which are used for almost everything from deodorants to oven cleaners. Americans are the major consumers of the spray products sold in the world today. But they may soon have to learn to live without them. A committee of the National Research Council concluded in a report released last week that the fluorocarbon gases used as propellants for spray products deplete the ozone layer. It is that shield which protects the earth from an overdose of the sun's potentially deadly ultraviolet rays. The report sets the stage for an eventual ban on the sprays.

Conducted with the sponsorship of several Government agencies, the year-long NRC study agreed that fluorocarbons do, as suspected, percolate upward into the stratosphere, where their chlorine atoms react with and thus destroy ozone molecules. According to the NRC report, if the fluorocarbon release continues at the 1973 rate, it could ultimately deplete the three-mile-thick ozone layer by as much as 7%. Public health authorities predict that the subsequent increase in the amount of ultraviolet light reaching the earth would raise by about 200 the number of Americans afflicted annually by malignant melanoma, a form of skin cancer that now strikes an estimated 8,400 and kills some 2,700 each year. The ozone loss would bring an increase in other forms of skin cancer as well.

Short Delay. In the light of this evidence, NRC scientists believe that some if not most uses of fluorocarbon sprays will eventually have to be curtailed. But the committee stopped short of advocating an immediate ban. Instead, it recommended a delay of not more than two years, during which science could learn even more about the sprays' effects on the ozone layer. The suggestion makes sense. Scientists are still uncertain about the rate at which ozone is destroyed or replaced and need time to learn more about atmospheric chemistry. Nor is a two-year delay thought to be dangerous. Even at 1973 rates, a two-year delay would not increase ozone depletion by more than one-sixth of 1%.

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SOUTHERN AFRICA

Shuttling Between Black and White



TANZANIAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS PROTESTING KISSINGER'S ARRIVAL IN DAR ES SALAAM
A shuttle of clarity is not necessarily a shuttle of failure.

Scores of soldiers and police, as well as an all-black honor guard, were on hand to greet Henry Kissinger as he arrived in the South African capital of Pretoria late last week on the third stop of his latest effort at shuttle diplomacy. All week long sporadic rioting had continued in the nonwhite townships around Johannesburg and Cape Town, and a department store in downtown Johannesburg was fire-bombed—the first such act of urban terrorism in the country's history. Shortly before Kissinger's blue and white 707 touched down, police fired at demonstrators in Johannesburg's Soweto township, killing six students and wounding 35. In no time, rumors were circulating in London, New York and elsewhere that the Secretary had been assassinated. Paraphrasing Mark Twain, Kissinger quickly retorted that the reports of his "having been shot were grossly exaggerated."

Brutal Talk. The Secretary did not find many opportunities for jocularity in his attempt to head off by negotiation the racial Armageddon that seems to be looming in southern Africa. Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere had announced that he was not "particularly encouraged" by Kissinger's mission. Zambia's President Kenneth Kaunda had declared that Kissinger might have "only a few days, not weeks," to succeed in averting a black-white war.

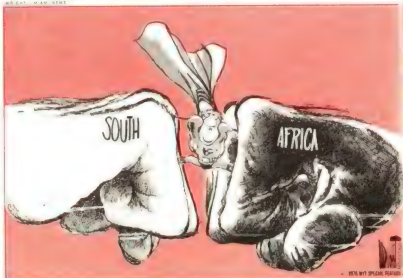
When Kissinger arrived in Pretoria, he had no expectation of bringing about

any change in South Africa's cherished system of *apartheid*, or "separate development." But he was anxious to see whether a round of sustained negotiation could end the impasse over Rhodesia, whose white minority government broke away from British rule eleven years ago. And he was particularly hopeful that if all else failed, he could achieve some measured progress on Namibia, or South West Africa, the onetime League of Nations territory that South Africa has ruled since 1920.

South African Prime Minister John Vorster made it clear from the begin-

ning that his discussions with Kissinger would not deal with South Africa itself. If Vorster is determined to maintain white rule at home, he is also convinced, however, that it can no longer be upheld in either Rhodesia or Namibia. By agreeing to a transition to majority rule in those territories, he believes South Africa can gain enough time for itself to build lasting ties with its black neighbors. At Zurich two weeks ago, Vorster hinted to Kissinger that he was prepared to step up the pressure on Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith. Accordingly, Vorster last week treated Smith to a Dutch uncle talk that one diplomat described as "tough to the point of brutality." Evidently, he warned Smith that Pretoria's future capacity for helping Rhodesia will be increasingly limited. As Smith well knows, an estimated \$100 million worth of Rhodesian bulk exports of corn, minerals and tobacco are already held up on the Rhodesian side of the border for lack of space on South Africa's crowded rail lines to carry them to the sea.

Be Honest. Smith left the meeting looking pale and angry. He took off immediately for the Rhodesian border town of Umtali, where the annual congress of his Rhodesian Front Party was under way. Though it seems hard to imagine, Smith is a moderate by Rhodesian standards, and at Umtali he faced a right-wing revolt led by Party Chairman Desmond Frost, who would like to split Rhodesia into black and white sectors under overall white control. After six hours of speechmaking and debate, Smith forced the issue in a dramatic scene. "Are you with me or are you not?" he demanded. "For God's sake, be hon-





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est!" He won a five-minute standing ovation, after which the congress voted unanimously to give him "a free hand to negotiate in future on behalf of all Rhodesians."

Soon Smith was on his way back to South Africa for a Saturday rugby match—and, as it turned out, the meeting he wanted with Henry Kissinger. Previously, the Secretary had said he would talk to Smith only if he were assured in advance of "major progress." In the end, he agreed to a Sunday morning meeting in order to sustain the momentum of his mission.

On Namibia, Kissinger had reason to hope for some genuine progress. South Africa is already committed to the principle of Namibian independence, and last month a constitutional conference in Windhoek, the Namibian capital, settled on Dec. 31, 1978, as the date for the transfer of power. The biggest snag is that the negotiators at Windhoek did not include any representatives of the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), the liberation—and guerrilla—movement that is recognized by the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity as the sole representative of the Namibian people. Kissinger's first chore was to try to get South Africa and SWAPO together over the same conference table, perhaps in Geneva.

Kissinger's shuttle got off to an inauspicious beginning last week when he landed at Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. On arrival, he found the Tanzanian government less receptive to his mission than he had hoped. Student demonstrators, obviously acting with government acquiescence, greeted the Secretary with signs branding him a "cynical murderer." Later, after five hours of talks, President Nyerere told newsmen that he felt "even less hopeful" about Namibia than he had been before. But at the very least, Nyerere remarked, the mission would clarify U.S. views on southern Africa. In that sense, he added, "a shuttle of clarity is not a shuttle of failure."

Majority Rule. Kissinger's second host, Zambia's President Kaunda, was more enthusiastic. Kaunda, an emotional idealist, wept as he spoke of the seemingly inexorable slide of southern Africa toward bloodshed and war. "We demand what is right and fair and just to all men," he added, pledging his country to fight, "to the last man if necessary," for majority rule in Zimbabwe, the African name for Rhodesia. At the end of their discussions, Kaunda observed of Kissinger: "His heart is in the right place, and he has our prayers." The Secretary responded that he would return to Lusaka after his visit to Pretoria "to report to you, and I pray for all of us that I can bring you encouraging news." At week's end, as Kissinger proceeded with his talks in South Africa and prepared to report back to Kaunda, Nyerere and other African leaders on his way home, it was uncertain whether he would have much encouragement to offer.



THRONG OF 1 MILLION MOURNERS PAYING TRIBUTE TO MAO AT T'IENT'AN MEN SQUARE

CHINA

Turning 'Grief into Strength'

Precisely at 3 p.m., the huge throng, estimated at 1 million, stood with heads bowed in Peking's T'ien An Men Square. After three minutes of silence, Premier Hua Kuo-feng delivered a eulogy to the dead leader, emphasizing his theoretical contributions to Marxism. When Hua had finished speaking, the master of ceremonies, Politburo Vice Chairman Wang Hung-wen, announced the playing of *The East Is Red*, then curtly declared that the final mourning services for Chairman Mao Tse-tung were over.

Throughout China, the Great Helmsman was mourned much as he would probably have wished. While hundreds of thousands of Chinese—bureaucrats and party officials, generals, peasants, children—filed past Mao's bier in a somber, emotional ceremony

at Peking's Great Hall of the People (see box next page), millions more paid their respects by following the official admonition to "turn grief into strength."

No Sunday. Everywhere, the Chairman's death spurred redoubled efforts at earthquake repair and new construction. On the Sunday after Mao's death, TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter reported from Peking, "instead of taking the customary day off, thousands of workers, students and soldiers labored on the rebuilding of the gray stone homes that line the capital city's narrow alleyways; an estimated 30,000 houses were damaged by the July 28 earthquake. In Kweilin, southwest China's poetic wonderland of rivers, caves and mountains, mourning meant memorial meetings and work. Long lines of



PREMIER HUA KUO-FENG (LEFT) & POLITBURO VICE CHAIRMAN WANG HUNG-WEN AT RALLY "Act according to the principles laid down," said the dictum.

THE WORLD

students one day walked sobbing along the main street of Kweilin with white paper wreaths for Chairman Mao. They were followed by peasants hauling grass and fodder on bamboo yokes, while motorized carts filled with building stones and charcoal lined the road. Construction is the watchword."

The post-Mao leadership headed by Premier Hua seems to be saying that the Peking regime will continue to function despite the genuine national grief over Mao's passing. An editorial pub-

lished in China's major newspapers cited what was claimed to be a previously unpublished dictum from Mao: "Act according to the principles laid down." Mao's successors, the implication was, would follow the basic domestic and foreign policies established before the Chairman's death.

Almost everywhere, Mao was held up as a symbol of self-sacrifice and hard work. China's press devoted itself to condolences and tributes that poured in from all regions of the country. Some

were from peasants or workers from areas that Mao had visited during his revolutionary career, recalling the Chairman's kindness or inspirational qualities. One, by the "8341 unit" of the People's Liberation Army, charged with sentry duty at Mao's Peking residence, Forbidden City, stressed his abstemious habits and concern for the masses. Mao, the soldiers noted, worked "at all hours," frequently "ignoring calls to meals" and seldom resting, even on holidays and festivals. His shirts, shoes, blankets and

Last Respects for Chairman Mao

Only six American journalists, among them TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter, witnessed the official mourning for Mao Tse-tung. Schecter, who was accompanying former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger on his trip to China, last week filed this report on the scene at the Great Hall of the People, where Mao's body lay in state:

An honor guard of workers, peasants and students stood at attention along our route from the Peking Hotel to the Great Hall. The broad T'ien An Men Square, where Mao had once reviewed well-drilled throngs, was empty of traffic except for a line of diplomatic cars. Dominating the scene were two giant black-and-gold-draped portraits of the Chairman. Chinese mourners, forming a silent wave of gray and blue, slowly climbed the broad steps leading into the Great Hall, moving from the bright afternoon sunlight beneath the twelve massive concrete columns and the army guard at the black-bordered entrance.

A step at a time, we too moved up toward the hall, along with some of the other foreign diplomats and guests who had come to pay their last respects to

Chairman Mao. All the world was there. Ahead of us were African women in colorful batik skirts; behind, a group of Peruvians. There were grim North Koreans, many in military uniforms, Rumanians, Yugoslavs and thin-faced Albanians, as well as wiry Vietnamese and diminutive Cambodians; all had black armbands and were dressed in their formal best—in bald contrast to the Chinese, who wore their ordinary jackets and pants of baggy cotton.

Inside the doorway, we stopped to sign the rice-paper pages of the funeral book. The atmosphere was somber, almost religious. An atonal Chinese funeral dirge seemed to intensify the silence of the mourners and the tomblike coolness of the air-conditioned hall. The chamber was filled with row upon row of white mourning wreaths. At the end of a red carpet 50 yards ahead of us stood Mao's funeral bier, a glass-topped coffin planted in a bed of bright green grasses, layered with formal yellow chrysanthemums and red hibiscuses in full bloom. Dominating that end of the hall, above rows of pine and cypress, was a giant portrait of the Chairman. A white-lettered streamer read, "We mourn with

deepest grief the great leader and teacher, Chairman Mao Tse-tung."

Heading the receiving line was First Vice Chairman and Premier Hua Kuo-feng. His face was drawn and racked with grief. He looked older than when I had seen him up close during the visit of former President Nixon last February. Hua then appeared to be imperturbable and placid. Despite the anguish on his face, Hua's gestures were certain and he shook hands firmly. Yet the immensity of the challenge he faces was etched into his features, lines of tension and shock betraying deep emotion and pain.

Next to Hua was the handsome, enigmatic No. 2 man in the Politburo, Wang Hung-wen, wearing a uniform that signified his place on the party's military affairs commission. Wang's youth—he is only about 40—made him seem almost out of place among the nine other, much older leaders in the line. His brown eyes are bright and hard, radiating the charisma of a leader; he moves with flowing, athletic grace and there is the feel of fine steel and energy in his handshake. He seems ready, even eager for the challenges and testing of power.

Third in the line was Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, about 65, Vice Premier of the state council, political commissar of the People's Liberation Army and the man said to be acting secretary-general of the Communist Party. There is quickness and intelligence in his eyes and a darting intensity that suggests a gift for calculation. Chang has a reputation among Westerners he has met for being opinionated and untactful while displaying an intellectually sharp cutting edge.

Beyond the receiving line was the bier. A red party flag was draped over the Chairman's familiar gray tunic. His face looked old, but also unwrinkled and at rest. Unlike at Chou En-lai's funeral last January, when only an urn containing the late Premier's ashes was displayed, the Chairman's body has been brought before the Chinese people for a final heroic display. Many believed that, like Lenin, Mao would be embalmed and enshrined in a special mausoleum. As they would before an emperor of old—or a father—the Chinese wept and bowed before Chairman Mao in reverence, showing a shattering sense of loss.

RED GUARD ACTIVISTS MOURNING MAO IN PEKING'S GREAT HALL OF THE PEOPLE



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sheets were said to be "worn thin from many years of use"; Mao refused to have his quarters refurbished for 20 years after "liberation" in 1949. In short, Mao was a model of the selflessness that was the heart of his vision for a remade Chinese society.

In diplomatic matters, Peking emphasized a mood of business as usual. The Soviet Union was attacked with customary stridency. The Chinese officially rejected condolence messages from the Communist parties in Moscow and most of the Soviet-bloc countries, including Cuba and Mongolia. A diatribe against Moscow's policy toward the developing world was entitled "Soviet Quack Medicine Go to Hell." The Chinese also took delight in the defection to the West of MIG-25 Pilot Viktor Belenko (TIME, Sept. 20), cheering that it "put the Soviets in a fix and shamed them into a rage."

At the same time, Peking reaffirmed its main lines of policy toward the U.S. After Mao's death, Peking first stopped, then pointedly reinstated the three-week China tour of former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, who in Chinese eyes is a symbol of American toughness toward the Soviets and skepticism of détente. In their talks with him, the Chinese have emphasized the dangers of appeasing Moscow far more than their own differences with Washington over Taiwan.

Mood of Moderation. To an extent, the new leadership must continue Mao's policy to maintain its own credentials. Moreover, moderation seems to be the mood of the country. Evidently, ordinary Chinese are simply tired of the nearly constant political thumping by the radical faction in Peking. Without Mao's active backing, the radicals in the leadership may find it difficult to pursue their preferred programs without risking a loss of support from powerful provincial leaders.

Thus for the moment, Hua Kuofeng, the firm but moderate Premier, seems in charge. He stood first in the lineup of leaders at Mao's mourning. He has also impressed foreign observers with his cool, adept handling of both the recent earthquakes and the obsequies for Mao. But will he consolidate his power, as Leonid Brezhnev did in the Soviet Union after the ouster of Khrushchev? Or will he, like Georgi Malenkov after the death of Stalin, eventually be relegated to obscurity? Many observers believe that he might endure, given the apparent strength of the moderates in China today. But the first indications of Hua's future may come out of the plenum of the Tenth Party Congress, and preparations for that already seemed under way last week. As the mourning for Mao drew to a close, no one could say whether the plenum would ratify the present leadership or mark the beginning of a bitter power struggle whose outcome few Chinese—and no outsiders—could possibly foresee.

CANADA

Trudeau's Face-Lifting

Canada's aloof Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, 56, was once considered a dashing new face on the political scene. But after eight years in power, Canadians see him as all too familiar and feel the same way about his government. With the popularity of his Liberal regime fairly crashing in the polls, Trudeau last week decided it was time for a cosmetic treatment. He announced a sweeping Cabinet shake-up, unmistakably designed to help him get back into good graces with the electorate before the next elections in 1978.

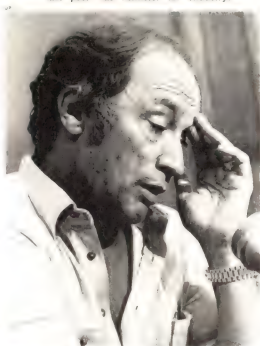
In the latest Canadian Gallup poll the Liberals, who won 43% of the vote in the 1974 election, were held in favor by only 29% of the electorate, v. 47% for the rival Progressive Conservatives. If an election were held now, the Liberals would be out of power for only the second time in 40 years, with their strength confined mainly to French-speaking Quebec, Trudeau's home turf.

The Liberals got into trouble because of Trudeau's reputation for arrogance, and also because voters are confused by a series of policy flip-flops and fudges stretching back over a year. After campaigning hard against wage and price controls as a cure for Canada's double-digit inflation, Trudeau abruptly introduced them last October, alienating labor. Shortly afterward, the Prime Minister unsettled the business community by announcing that the "free-market system" in Canada was dead. What he meant was that new solutions, possibly government-imposed, would have to be found for the persistent problem of stagflation. Many mistrustful Canadians, however, took Trudeau's comment to mean that new, authoritarian measures were in the offing.

English-speaking Canadians—two-thirds of the country's population of 23 million—have chafed at the Liberals' occasionally zealous pursuit of English and French bilingualism in the federal civil service. Francophones, on the other hand, have lately felt that Trudeau is not doing enough to protect their rights (TIME, July 19).

While inflation has been tamped to just over 6%, unemployment is still high (7.2%), and new economic problems loom. The rate of new direct foreign investment in Canada has dropped almost to zero. With its current account deficit now over \$5 billion, the country may also be approaching a balance of payments crisis.

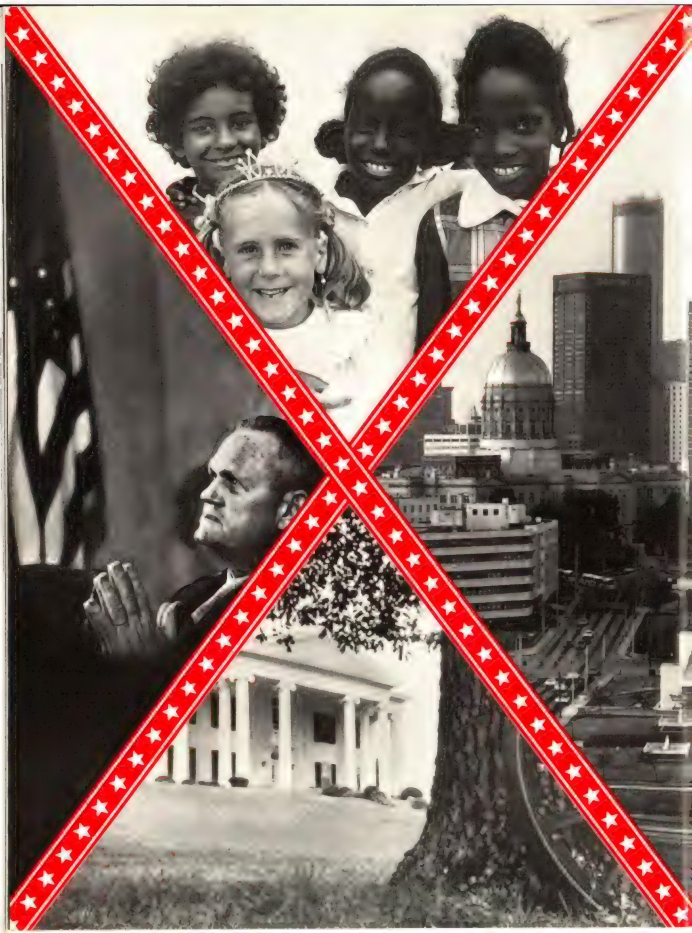
Deciding on what he called "major surgery" in his 29-member Cabinet to help solve his problems, Trudeau bumped out two party veterans and added seven new faces, including two women. External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen, a skillful party tactician, was transferred back to lead the currently disorganized Liberals in Parliament. In MacEachen's place, Trudeau appointed a rotund, voluble Newfoundland named Donald Jamieson. His diplomatic experience is scant (his last post was Minister for Industry,



PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU AT NEWS CONFERENCE
Trying to get back into good graces.

Trade and Commerce), but Jamieson's known affection for the U.S. promises an improvement in the tone, at least, of U.S.-Canadian relations.

In the course of the shuffle, Trudeau lost the Cabinet's most popular member, volatile Corporate and Consumer Affairs Minister Bryce Mackasey, 55. Mackasey's unexpected resignation was the second by a well-liked Cabinet Minister in a year (The other was that of former Finance Minister John Turner, 47, who quit in disagreement with Trudeau's direction of government affairs.) Mackasey gave no reason for his departure beyond wanting to earn better pay. But privately he indicated that he was dissatisfied with what he perceived as a rightward shift in Trudeau's government. Mackasey's defection will not help Trudeau to recover the confidence of the troubled Canadian voter.



Cannonballs and antique china. The sword and uniform Robert E. Lee wore at Appomattox. Jeb Stuart's boots and the saddle on which he received his fatal wound at Yellow Tavern. Stonewall Jackson's cap. Three hundred dried battle flags. It was all there in the venerable "White House of the Confederacy"—the 158-year-old mansion where President Jefferson Davis lived at Richmond. Since the turn of the century, avid Southerners have walked through the hallowed building—along with curious Yankees. Together, they and the memorabilia helped to prolong the cliché of the South as a place where the clocks were frozen on the afternoon of April 9, 1865.

Now, suddenly, everything is altered. The old house has been closed and will be emptied; it will be restored and reopened, but no longer as the repository of sacred artifacts. A spanking-new museum has gone up near by, and it will be more than merely a shrine to tragic heroes and lost causes. There will be many new exhibits, including ones depicting the position of blacks under slavery. They will be designed for a rising generation that is less interested in venerating the past than in moving onward. Yet, inevitably, what will now exist is a gleaming new shell for old values.

Many people think that this is symbolic of what is hap-

pening across the South. But, in fact, the changes that are transforming the eleven states of the old Confederacy are far more basic and substantial. In what had long been the nation's poorest, most backward-looking region, business booms and economic, social and political opportunities abound. Cities thrust ever outward and upward. Racial integration proceeds with surprising smoothness. And a Georgian wins the Democratic presidential nomination, the Deep South's first major-party candidate for the presidency in 128 years. Small wonder that the rest of the country is looking to the South to see what it has been missing—and what it might learn.

The South Today

SPECIAL SECTION

True enough, a New South has been proclaimed in every generation since Journalist Henry Grady publicized the term after Reconstruction. In 1880 Poet Sidney Lanier envisioned an agrarian utopia: "The New South means small farming ... meat and bread for which there are no notes in bank ... and grass at nothing a ton." In 1951 Historian C. Vann Woodward decided that the "New South is not a place name as is New England, nor does it precisely designate a period, as does the Confederacy. It vaguely sets apart those whose faith lies in the future from those whose heart is with the past." Arkansas Democratic Senator Dale Bumpers is even closer to the mark when he says, "I know they proclaim a 'New South' every few years. But it's not new yet. I guess the best term to use is maturing. It's maturing politically, socially, culturally and educationally."

This is the South that is examined in this special issue of TIME. It is, of course, impossible to assay completely any region of the nation. The South is particularly complex and contradictory, a mix of modern and ancient, traditional and futuristic. East Texas, for example, is as Deep South in feeling as Savannah, Ga.; West Texas is truly western. Miami Beach is as much a suburb of New York—or Havana—as a Florida city. Yet there is much that knits this land and holds it together, with its own special character and flavor and language. If the South cannot be totally explored, it can at least be seen as reality, not as legend.

Literature still provides the dominant myth of Dixie. Tennessee Williams' hostile parlors. James Dickey's blood riots. William Faulkner's epic feuds. Margaret Mitchell's antebellum aristocrats. Richard Wright's mangled blacks supply the melodramatic leads. Popular culture contributes the script. Barrel-

bellied redneck sheriffs and chanting, chain-gang Negroes have been staples of films since the '30s.

Nor has the image been entirely fictional—far from it. Yet V.O. Key had a point when he wrote in his definitive *Southern Politics* a quarter-century ago: "Northerners, provincials that they are, regard the South as one large Mississippi." Only now is that view changing. The South, of course, was never one large Mississippi. Indeed, Mississippi was never one large Mississippi. The area of the old Confederacy embraces 55 million people. It sprawls from the porticoed mansions along the James River to the bare Martian surfaces of the Permian basin. It includes the clear alpine valleys of the Blue Ridge and the subtropical swamps of south Georgia. It boasts the 18th century architecture of Charleston, S.C., and the climbing glass silos of John Portman in Atlanta. Its exports include cotton and tobacco to the North, politicians to Washington, novelists to the world and rockets to outer space.

Twenty percent of its population are black. The other 80% are an amalgam of mint-julep aristocrats out of Faulkner's Sartoris clan, Mexican Americans from Texas, Roman Catholic Cajuns in Louisiana, Cubans and Jews in Miami, Vietnamese resettled on the Gulf Coast and Anglo-Saxon Baptists everywhere.

Flannery O'Connor wrote: "A half-hour's ride in this region will take one from places where the life has a distinctly Old Testament flavor to places where the life might be considered post-Christian. Yet all these varied situations can be seen in one glance and heard in one conversation."

More and more, that conversation concerns tomorrow and not yesterday. Integration has a way to go in the South, but the ugly confrontations of the '50s and '60s, the bombings and Klan revivals, the school riots and statewide harangues seem as remote as the Dred Scott decision. It is up North, in staid Boston that the races clash and skirmish. Little Rock, Ark., scene of former Governor Orval Faubus' strident segregationist harangues, has thoroughly integrated its schools.

The cities above the Mason-Dixon line struggle with decay and impoverishment; Houston, Dallas and Atlanta are large-scale success stories. The tide of migration is reversing; the South is now receiving white-collar workers, middle management and an intellectual elite from the North.

Politically, the region is electing a series of fresh public servants—most of them young, some of them black. Culturally, the South lags behind most of the rest of the nation, but it has made major strides. Educationally, it is still a place of great expectations rather than great schools. They remain underfinanced, but literacy levels have risen, and doctoral degrees have roughly doubled. Above all, economically, the South continues to grow faster than any other region. Industrial output has more than doubled in the past decade.

Facing up to its history, less afflicted by racial fantasies, no longer carrying the burden of Southern history—the knowledge of past injustice, the two-faced defensiveness and guilt—the South may be strong enough to take a national lead. There is always the risk of exaggerating and overglorifying the South's virtues; a great deal that is dark and narrow remains. Yet enough has truly altered to excite the nation's attention. More than 100 years afterward, an old prophecy still haunts. In 1869 a former Union Army officer named John William DeForest wrote of his trek through South Carolina: "We shall do well to study this peculiar people, which will soon lose its peculiarities." The study continues; the land and its people remain.



THE PEOPLE

The Spirit of The South

It is a lion of prides, a place apart. It is the last American arena with a special, nurtured identity, its own sometimes unfashionable regard for the soil, for family ties, for the authority of God and country. Despite the influx of outsiders, the South remains a redoubt of old American tenets, enshrined for centuries by the citizenry.

Much has been changed by technology—notably the spread of the television set and the air conditioner. The South, nourished in isolation, now imports and exports ideas with the speed of electrons. The gospel songs that were once chanted by pentecostal choirs have gone commercial. Conversely, the South has seen the old enemy, the dreaded Yankees, up close on the evening news—and found that he and she are people very much like the folks from Dixie, only with a little more use for *r* at the end of a sentence.

More and more Yankee industries and individuals are moving to the deepest South, in no small part because air conditioning has altered the climate itself. Tyrannical heat, delicious summers, dog days that breed flies and sloth, squabbles and morbid introspection are gone with the vent.

But so much remains the same. Given its predominantly Anglo-Saxon traditions and largely Protestant population—black and white—Christian revelation is a way of life in Dixie. "Others tend to scoff at the Bible Belt," says former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, now a professor of international law at the University of Georgia. "But one can point to a strong sense of personal responsibility it engenders." Florida Governor Reubin Askew believes that "your faith has to be at the center of your life, and from it must emanate all your decisions."

Jimmy Carter's widely discussed "born again" experience may seem unusual to Northerners; in the South, it is a common occurrence. When a Southerner calls his territory "God's country," he is less Rotarian than religious—although a certain chauvinism may still shine through. A Valdosta, Ga.,

man likes to point to a sign displayed at a filling station that reads SMILE. GOD LOVES YOU. In the North, he claims, the sign would read WATCH OUT. GOD HAS HIS EYE ON YOU.

Says Oscar Carr Jr., who left his prosperous Mississippi farm to head the office of development of the national Episcopal Church in New York: "The greatest thing the South can offer the nation is its religious and moral sense. Once Southerners can jump into the economic mainstream they will be more liberal than people in Connecticut."

Patriotism may be out of favor nowadays in much of America, but it flourishes in the South. Rusk finds that "patriotism is not just jingoism down here. It is affection for the country and its values." To the Southern spirit, that affection includes a deep, often uncritical respect for the military. With good reason—the South receives income from military establishments scattered throughout its states: there are 15 major bases in Georgia alone. But income certainly cannot account for the exuberant displays of flags, the military spirit at football stadiums, the parades of veterans in freshly pressed uniforms. The military tradition in the South goes back to the Civil War. Says University of Georgia Historian Numan Bartley: "The Confederate army came out of the war with a great reputation which grew into mythology." That mythology took hold in family stories, in poetry like Allen Tate's *Ode to the Confederate Dead*.

*Turn your eyes to the immoderate past.
Turn to the inscrutable infantry rising
Demons out of the earth*

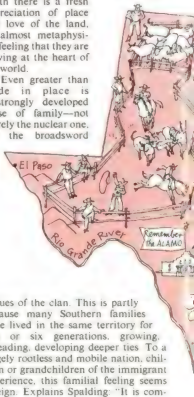
A devotion to the country and service grew in the great military academies. Virginia Military Institute and the Citadel of South Carolina. Recalls Atlanta *Journal* Editor Jack Spalding: "There was a time when all Southerners understood the need for military force. It may be educated out of them in places, but there are still the basics here. We are close to the soil, more religious, and know what guns are for and why they must be used sometimes."

The well-kept marble statues of

Confederate soldiers in almost every town square in the South testify to the love of militant lost causes—a love that has sometimes been misplaced. Long after the Viet Nam War had fallen out of favor with Northern conservatives, it still received support from the South. In the final days of Watergate, when the rest of the nation had been convinced of Nixon's guilt, the President still garnered sympathy and exhortations from Southerners who urged him to "Hang in there."

But the allegiance to lost causes has abated. The present Southern emotion is a sense of imminent victory—over circumstances, poverty and history. The feeling of inferiority is evaporating. Jimmy Carter, whatever the outcome in November, has already given the area a surge of confidence. Throughout the South there is a fresh appreciation of place and love of the land, an almost metaphysical feeling that they are moving at the heart of the world.

Even greater than pride in place is a strongly developed sense of family—not merely the nuclear one, but the broadsword



virtues of the clan. This is partly because many Southern families have lived in the same territory for five or six generations, growing, spreading, developing deeper ties. To a largely rootless and mobile nation, children or grandchildren of the immigrant experience, this familial feeling seems foreign. Explains Spalding: "It is com-

THE SOUTH

forting for a Southerner, in a strange, hostile and wicked world, to know who he is, that someone will send his daughter a wedding present or come to his funeral."

Indeed, in the South, funerals are an integral part of the family experience. By the time a child has reached majority, he probably has been to a dozen funerals of older aunts, uncles and cousins. Obsequies provide a chance for catching up on the latest gossip or to do a little business. Southerners still pay condolence calls in the parlor, where they sit for hours with the bereaved, rarely mentioning the dead. At times, church services can be as flowery as a dime-store sympathy card—or as colorful as an Erskine Caldwell novel. Recently one backwoods Alabama dirt farmer was laid out in a dark suit, white shirt and tie. The old man had never before been so well dressed. His impressed relatives removed him from the casket, propped him against a wall and had him photographed for posterity. While elsewhere in the nation people are writing books and teaching university courses about how to face death with dignity, the South has long known about this instinctively. It knows that death is part of life.

But of the mixture of simple blood ties and rooted soil, of patriotic and military zeal, has risen a quality that many Northerners cannot find credible: a respect for law. It is this more than Christian principle or force of arms

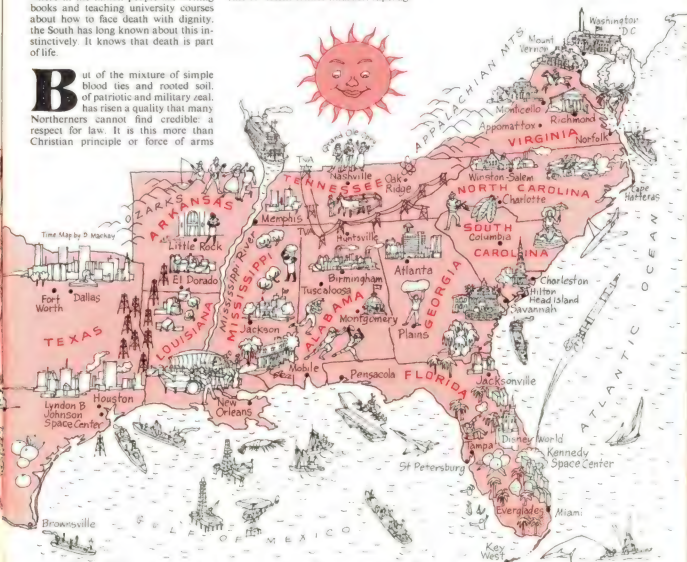
that has brought the South into contemporary life.

Long considered the most racially reactionary state, Mississippi briefly flared in violence, then integrated with a speed that astonished even its neighbors. Governor Mills Godwin of Virginia spoke for more than his home state when he said, "The racial issue is largely behind us because Virginians have a strong sense of law-and-order." Federal Judge James McMillan of Charlotte, N.C., echoed that North Carolinians would "litigate until hell freezes over, but when it freezes over, they'll go on about their business. The law is the law, and they respect it."

Yet it is one of the South's many paradoxes that violence is not far from the surface. Montgomery, Ala., Lubbock, Texas, and Savannah, Ga., have the three highest murder rates in the nation, in part because of the gun-toting tradition and a sense that honor dictates that real or imagined wrongs must be redressed. But up North, the combined rate of violent crimes (murder, rape, ag-

gravated assault and robbery) is still greater than that of the South. Almost everywhere, people can walk the Dixie streets without having to fear muggings or purse snatchings.

Throughout its long and often tragic history, the South was looked upon as an arena that endured much and learned little. Could it be that in many ways it can now teach the nation something about how to live? The idea can easily be exaggerated, but there is truth in it. The fact was foreshadowed by the South's agrarian romantics of the 1930s, who in a sense anticipated the "greening of America," the new emphasis on human values and environment. Later the harshly segregated South showed the rest of the nation that it was possible to change despite deeply held prejudices—and to achieve at least the beginnings of racial amity. Other parts of the U.S., without consciously turning to the South, began to long for some of its values: family, community, roots. There was a new,



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only half-understood bond of sympathy between the only part of America ever to have lost a war and other Americans who had met their first defeat in Viet Nam. Summing up the Southern ability to outlast adversity, William Faulkner declared in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech: "I believe that man will not merely endure, he will prevail." Most Americans, whether they knew those words or not, were suddenly more ready to receive their meaning.

With the curse of racism beginning to lift, one can perceive a kind of liberality. Notes Sheldon Hackney, president of Tulane University: "Traditionally, the South has been quite tolerant. Localities tolerate the village atheist and the lonely radical. The family tolerates The South, more than other places, honors the strong individual stand, the person who says what he believes."

In his classic *The Mind of the South*, W. J. Cash considered the new skyscrapers and pondered: "Softly, do you not hear behind that the gallop of Jeb Stuart's cavalrymen?" At times the hoofbeats of a defeated army are still audible, even on the courthouse squares, even in the halls of Congress, even in the cadences of Jimmy Carter.

But they are soon drowned out by a new beat—the frank clang of cash registers, of buildings going up, of dirt roads being paved, of high school and college bands exhorting their black and white football stars to victory, of new leaders with old courtesies, of expectations that no longer seem visionary or utopian.

"The past is still with us," admits Dean Rusk, "but it no longer sets the tone." It is the future that seems to inhabit the South. It is a rather surprising place for the future to be, and the region still wrestles uncomfortably with it, amid fears of homogenization.

Industrialization and the growth of cities have already brought attendant blight air pollution, traffic congestion, billboarded highways and garish fast-food enterprises. To Southern Journalist John Egerton (*The Americanization of Dixie*): "The modern, acquisitive, urban, industrial, post-segregationist, on-the-make South, its vices nationalized, its virtues evaporating if not already dissipated, is coming back with a bounce in its step, like a new salesman on the route, eager to please, intent on making it."

But the South has changed before—and remained the same, through slavery and secession, independence and defeat, emancipation, reconstruction and integration. The best exposition of its present condition came from one of its major prophets, Martin Luther King, who liked to quote a favorite Baptist preacher: "We ain't what we want to be. We ain't what we gonna be. But thank God, we ain't what we was."



The Good Life

Seventeenth century England was much taken by Sir Walter Raleigh's description of an American demi-Eden where it was forever either spring or summer. This balmy land of the blest, he said, lay on the 35th parallel of north latitude—in present-day North Carolina. Rallying to Raleigh, for whom North Carolina named its capital, Southerners have ever since believed in their hearts that their region is kinder, lovelier and more conducive to the good life than any other patch of earth this side of paradise, and not without reason.

The concept of an idyllic South has, of course, been inflated and distorted by the three-M—Magnolia, Mammy, Mockingbird—school of Dixification. But the South is far more than a state of mind (though it is that too). Despite urban and industrial encroachment, it remains a largely rural land of spectacular beauty and prolific resources for recreation and sentient delight. The people who inhabit the region are physically as well as psychically bound close to its mountains and woods, lakes and streams and shores. They cherish its abundant yields and convivially share them. If life in the South seems to move more slowly than it does elsewhere, it may be because Southerners take more time to enjoy it. As poet-novelist James Dickey (*Deliverance*) has written, "The South has a long tradition of slow-moving, of standing and watching, of having the time—of giving ourselves the time—to sit on country porches and courthouse Confederate monuments and on green benches in public parks and tell each other stories, gossip and use words." The conversation is richly spiced with humor in all its forms: tart, loving, irreverent and sometimes unprintable.

Good talk, whether in Charleston salon or Key West saloon, is a staple of Southern life—but only a reflection of it. Southerners actively stalk pleasure in all its forms with the avidity of a Yankee conglomerator bent on making billions. The gentle climate, only slightly exaggerated by Sir Walter, woos people from TV tube and typewriter to

putter and put-put, field and stream. Southerners spend little time commuting to work, and recreation areas are almost everywhere close at hand. Nearly 30% of all the hunting and fishing licenses issued in the U.S. are bought by Southerners; hunters alone in eleven Southern states last year paid \$31 million for licenses, the revenue going to state fish-and-wildlife agencies.

In the past ten years, some 1,150 golf courses have been built in the South, where some of the finest tournaments—including the Masters—are held every year. With a vast expanse of coastline (2,911 miles), an abundance of streams and a proliferation of man-made lakes, upcountry and coastal folk alike have as much access to water sports—fishing, boating, diving, skiing—as fabled Californians (about one-third of all the nation's outboard motors are owned by Southerners). Forest-product firms that have made loblolly pine a prime component of pulp and paper have also greened the South with new woodlands, asir with game.

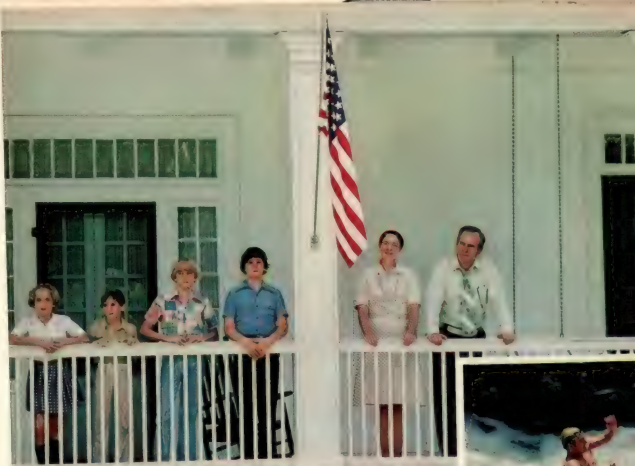
Americans have always, for sport or vicarious, been eager hunters and fishermen. In the South, hunting and fishing are often as much a reconciliation with nature as a macho effort to meet the kill quota. A man may happily spend a day, like Pogo with cane rod upraised, and never get so much as a bite. Or, along the Florida coast, he may seek flounder with a flashlight all night and fill a pail of them before returning home to bathe and shave and drive off to the office. Or, sitting around a campfire with friends at night in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi or Georgia, he may find his delight in the music of distant foxhounds baying after their elusive prey (the foxes get away 90% of the time). Or, hunting deer, bear, quail, dove, duck, goose, snipe, squirrel, possum or raccoon, the Southerner may have between his sights an entire sidebar of culinary delights.

Southerners have an almost tactile empathy with the land. For ruffling



Bass fisherman in Tennessee; rafters in annual race down Georgia's Chattahoochee River.





Kenny Bowen, mayor of Lafayette, La., and family on star-spangled balcony; youngsters playing it cool in Georgia creek; girl equestrian near Roanoke, Va.; Real Estate Dealer Pat Hall dictating in his Charlotte, N. C., office, a plushly redecorated railroad car.





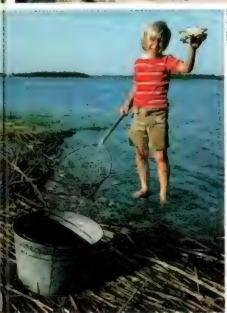
Crystal and flowers grace table as picnickers sip champagne during steeplechase meeting at Cumming, Ga.; balloonists floating over Peachtree City, Ga.; farmer with mules he uses to work 10-acre cotton spread near Rossville, Tenn.





Mother and son on porch of New Tazewell, Tenn., home; the joys of crabbing at Hilton Head, S.C.; performers at Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tenn., playing to packed house; glittering turnout for opera at Atlanta's Memorial Arts Center.





*A family portrait in rural Georgia;
couple at Cisco's, Atlanta
discotheque popular with blacks;
altar boys leading procession down
aisle at St. Andrew's Episcopal
Church in Jackson, Miss.*





The shimmering skyline of Charlotte; emporium in Helen, Ga. (pop. 252); good ole spectators at Southern 500 race in Darlington, S.C.



streams stippled in spring with rhododendron and redbud, for sun-dappled hill-country roads that might have been brushed in place by Cézanne, for the Cumberland's hazy-mazy ridge lines, for mist-smoked bayous and ag-silvered tobacco barns. Even the sounds of the South seem more poignant than those of other climes: the music of distant foxhounds in Tennessee, the sand-piper's cry on a bleached Carolina beach, the lazy whirr of overhead fans in a New Orleans restaurant, the hooting, guitar-keening, foot-stomping ruckus of a Saturday-night dance in rural Georgia. Faulkner's memory of "the hot-still piney-winey silence of the August afternoon," and the "windless Mississippi December days which are a sort of Indian summer's Indian summer." The fragrances linger in nostrils, redolent, in Thomas Wolfe's phrase, "of the thousand rich odors of tree and grass and flowers, of the opulent and seductive South." Of crabs simmering in open iron pots on the Gulf Coast, the coffee-laden morning air of Mobile, wood smoke in an Appalachian holler, Okefenokee's potpourri of aromas. And, yes, the aphrodisiac-soporific magnolia, more potent by far in midnight bloom than overblown fiction can convey.

The Southerner's gregariousness and his attachment to community have not, as history sorrowfully attests, made him either wiser or more benign than his Northern brother when matters like racial equality are at stake. Yet the cement of the good life in the South is a habit often neglected elsewhere in the U.S.—good manners, beginning in the family, chief among what Stephen Vincent Benet called "the broadsword virtues of the clan." Says Dickey: "Good manners and graciousness are a hold-over from way on back, not just an aristocratic tradition but a Southern tradition. I've been in dirt farmers' homes where they've been as gracious as a grand duke."

For a dwindling few, the good life is still dictated by the exclusionary standards of an antebellum aristocracy. The great Mardi Gras balls of New Orleans are reserved for the private delectation of the old Creole coterie. Charleston's St. Cecilia Society demands stiffer credentials of a would-be member than the upper-crustiest men's club in London. But in most of the South, as one historian has observed, *noblesse oblige* has yielded to *bourgeoisie oblige*—even at the country club, traditionally the most closely guarded bastion of upper-class Southern WASPdom. Richmond's Country Club of Virginia, once a haven for F.F.V.s (First Families of Virginia), now has 5,600 members (family membership is \$5,000, plus annual dues starting at \$660) and does not demand a blue-blood test of applicants. Nowadays, as the eminent Virginia Dunbar, retired

editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (and a member of the club), puts it, "an interest in tennis, golf, swimming, bridge or fiscal solvency is a more valid qualification than one's birthplace or forebears."

Beyond the putting greens and polo grounds, the search for the good life has always been a pretty egalitarian affair in the South. Between good ole boys on a fishing, hunting, canoeing or camping weekend, distinctions of class or income are secondary to expertise or camaraderie. "Heaven help us," says Knoxville's Cas Walker, "if we are so obsessed with making money that we

Cajun country. Southerners are united in their love of a party—and its morning-after reconstruction. An old New Orleans saying: "The rabbit says, 'Drink everything, eat everything, but don't tell everything.'"

Culturally, the South no longer is "the intellectual Gobi or Lapland" dismissed by Baltimorean H.L. Mencken in the '20s. The region boasts symphony orchestras, theaters and a number of enterprising museums. And even Mencken noted: "[In the South] some attention was also given to the art of living—that life got beyond and above the state of a mere infliction and be-

Just a Tad Different

"Pull 'er up a tad, please, mister," said the nonchalant teen-ager pumping gas in a Union 76 service station off Interstate 75 near Vienna, Ga.

"What'd you say, son?" asked the driver with Pennsylvania plates.

"Pull 'er up a tad."

"Pull 'er what?"

"Would you please move your car closer to the pump?"

The Pennsylvania driver laughed, moved his car closer and thereby ended another skirmish in the war between the states. Along the interstates, and more often away from them, old Southern expressions like "a tad"—an indefinable little bit—survive.

For the moment at least, the South continues to cherish its language. In the South, as in no other American region, people use language as it surely was meant to be employed: a lush, personal, emphatic treasure of coins to be spent slowly and for value. Thus, in Southern idiom, no lady is merely pregnant, she is "in bloom" or "her bees are aswarming." Girls are variously "ugly as homemade soap" or "pretty

as a speckled pup." It does not rain in the South; it "comes up a cloud." For young children, the mystery of the belly button is easy to explain: it is "where the Yankee shot you." Acquaintance-ship? "We've howdied but we haven't shook." Crowding? "There's not room enough in here to skin a cat without getting hair in your mouth." If things are going well, "life's just a slide on a doughnut." There is also the Southern man who lies so much that he needs someone else to call his dog. Similes fall like raindrops: slow as a pond, high as a pine, sorry as gully dirt.

Much of this expressiveness, like everything else in the region, has black influences. "I'm always behead or behind," complains a black cook in Georgia over the fact that she could never get caught up in her work. In a Mississippi court, recalls TIME's Margaret Boeth, Southern-born, a black defendant explained his relationship to the common-law wife he had murdered. She was his "much-right" woman, he said. "I figured I had as much right to her as anybody else."

can't get together with old friends and enjoy a few simple pleasures."

Those pleasures are quite extraordinary in range. Beyond conventional horse and auto sports, golf, tennis, hang-gliding and rafting down rivers, they include elaborate re-creations of Civil War battles; tractor "pulls," in which contestants vie in hauling 30,000-lb loads over a 300-ft. course; "plant digs" organized by state forestry commissions and environmentalist groups, in which families are encouraged to rescue trees, shrubs and wild flowers from soon-to-be bulldozed sites; hunting Indian arrowheads and searching for old bottles (two of Jimmy Carter's favorite decomposition pastimes) or turtle eggs.

Southerners also enjoy a legacy of shared celebration. From the epicurean crab feasts of Maryland's Eastern Shore to a catfish fry in Tennessee, from Texan barbecue orgies to the days-long shrimp or gumbo feasts of Louisiana's

came an exhilarating experience. A certain noble spaciousness was in the Southern scheme of things." That ideal has been translated into magnificent urban structures in Atlanta, Houston, Charlotte and smaller cities. Yet Southern urbanites are not captives of the city: they can swiftly dodge away to a country music festival, a fishing trip or an autumn dove shoot.

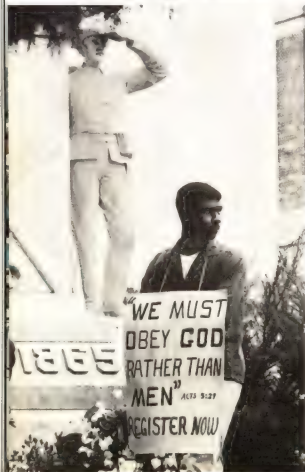
Despite the threats of urbanization, industrialization and pollution, Southerners have retained a vision of the good life, secular and spiritual, that may survive. They believe with Faulkner (again and again, Faulkner) in "this land, this South, for which He has done so much, with woods for game and streams for fish and deep rich soil for seed and lush springs to sprout it and long summers to mature it and serene falls to harvest it and short mild winters for men and animals..." Is this so far from Walter Raleigh's dream?



In the midst of change that is vast and dramatic, the South has emerged from the political cocoon in which it was long imprisoned. But the transformation is still in transition.

There is a new and rising class of politicians. They have been eminently successful partly because Congress and the courts have diminished the politics of racial fear, partly because judicial decrees have, through reapportionment, distributed voting power more fairly. And with the nomination of Jimmy Car-

MISSISSIPPI BLACK URGING VOTER REGISTRATION



POLITICS

Out of a Cocoon

ter for President, the politics of frustration—rooted in the knowledge that no Deep South politician, whatever his talents, might reasonably aspire to his nation's highest office—seems to be ending too.

These new politicians wince in honest horror at old-style racist demagoguery. Mississippi's venomous little Theodore ("The Man") Bilbo stayed in power for more than three decades by such tactics as describing one opponent as "begotten in a nigger graveyard at midnight" or, in defending himself against charges of religious bigotry, by declaring himself in favor of "every damn Jew from Jesus Christ on down."

"The politics of race has gone with the wind," proclaimed Georgia's Governor George Busbee in his 1975 inaugural address. But Busbee, who succeeded Carter, had reason to know that he was not entirely right: his opponent in the Democratic primary runoff, Lester Maddox, won 40% of the vote. Mostly from diehard segregationists, who, though they no longer elect statewide candidates, hang on as an inhibiting political force.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS

At the same time, the South's new leaders and potential leaders, particularly the Democrats, are keenly aware that a black vote counts every bit as much as a white one—and that there are many more black votes today than seemed conceivable a decade ago. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was the critical turning point. Jimmy Carter has called it the most important political event of his lifetime. Spurred through a divided Congress by President Lyndon Johnson of Texas, the act, under a complex voter-participation formula, gave federal authorities the power to supervise, in most Southern states, "any voting qualifications, or prerequisites to voting, or standard, practices of procedure with respect to voting."

When the act became law, only about 2 million blacks were registered to vote. By last year that figure had risen to 3.8 million, and it seems certain to pass 4 million by Election Day 1976. Black registration now runs less than ten percentage points below that of voting-age whites. Increased black registration has given blacks a larger share of political offices—but only up to a point. As

recently as 1970 there were a mere 565 black elected officials in the eleven states of the old Confederacy. By 1976 that number had more than tripled, to 1,847. Impressive enough, but that is only 2.3% of a total of 79,381 elective jobs in the South and falls far short of the 20.5% black share of the voting-age population.

The elective positions held by Southern blacks are mostly at low levels. Only three—Georgia's Andrew Young, Tennessee's Harold E. Ford and Texas' Barbara Jordan—hold seats in the House. There are 99 black state legislators, ranging from Georgia's 22 to Virginia's two, out of a total of 1,782 seats available. Only one Southern black has been elected to office by statewide vote: he is Joseph Hatchett, 44, a fruit picker's son who won a place on the Florida Supreme Court. Last week Howard Lee, a black former mayor of Chapel Hill, N.C., got 46% of the vote in a Democratic primary runoff for Lieutenant Governor—a good showing, but not enough. In Mississippi, Fred Banks Jr., one of four blacks in the state legislature, says: "It may take 20 years to get a black elected to statewide office here."

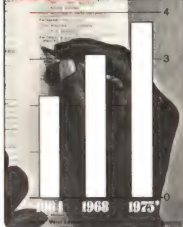
Such discouraging statistics and pessimistic views do not take into account the electrifying effect that an expanded and more diverse electorate has had on Southern white politicians. Notes Georgia's Congressman Young: "It used to be Southern politics was just 'nigger' politics—a question of which candidate could 'outnigger' the other. Then you registered 10% to 15% in the community, and folks would start saying 'Nigra.' Later you got 35% to 40% registered, and it was amazing how quick they learned how to say 'Nee-grow.' And now that we've got 50%, 60%, 70% of the black votes registered in the South, everybody's proud to be associated with their black brothers and sisters."

THE NEW CLASS

An ambitious new generation of white, mostly Democratic, Southern politicians swiftly spotted and responded to the signs of change. That generation came into full flower in the early '70s, with election of a remarkable group of progressive Governors: Arkansas' Dale Bumpers, Florida's Reubin Askew, Mississippi's William Waller, South Carolina's John West, Louisiana's Edwin Edwards—and Jimmy Carter. They have since spawned a second generation. In Arkansas, Moderate David Pryor succeeded Bumpers as Governor, defeating old Segregationist Orval Faubus. In Mississippi, Cliff Finch, who uses a workman's lunch pail as his political symbol, has followed Waller.

Others are moving to the forefront. This year in North Carolina, Lieutenant

BLACK VOTER REGISTRATION IN THE SOUTH (IN MILLIONS)



Governor James B. Hunt, 39, a former Peace Corpsman who became head of the state's Young Democratic organization, is favored to replace Republican Incumbent James Holshouser (who is prohibited by law from succeeding himself). In Tennessee, former Democratic State Chairman James R. Sasser, 39, who has a mop of hair and a smile reminiscent of John F. Kennedy, is running an energetic campaign for the U.S. Senate. Says he: "If I take a day off, I just get restless and run out of the house to find a hand to shake." Sasser, a one-time legislative assistant to the late liberal Senator Albert Gore, is given a good chance against the man who unseated Gore in 1970: Republican Senator William Brock, 45, who is himself an aggressive, well-financed campaigner.

In Texas, Republican Representative Alan W. Steelman, 34, who left a post as executive director of President Nixon's advisory council on minority business enterprise to become, in 1973, the youngest member of the House, is now running for the U.S. Senate against Democratic Incumbent Lloyd Bentsen. Although Steelman is given little chance to win, he is making his name known statewide and is someone to watch in the future. Similarly, Texas Democratic Attorney General John Luke Hill, 52, who rates between moderate and liberal in the state's political spectrum and has been especially effective in enforcing environmental laws, is a strong possibility for Governor in 1978.

PEOPLE OVER ISSUES

Such men have much in common. They grew up in states in which there was only one viable party—Democratic, of course. Within that party, factions

abounded, successful statewide campaigns were often launched on the basis of little more than the support of Establishment friends and neighbors, and, to a much greater degree than in the North, substantive issues were generally smothered by the shouts of ornate orators who could win by wowing the boys at the forks of the creek.

Jimmy Carter has been criticized for not taking a firm stance on some issues. But in this failing, he is entirely representative of today's Southern politicians. Even as in the bad old days, personality still counts more than issues. The difference is that the candidate who can holler "nigger" the loudest no longer wins; instead, candidates try to project what has been called a "best man" image. This has been termed the "politics of trust"—trust in basic good intentions. Arkansas' Governor Pryor, for one, insists that issues "aren't nearly as important as honesty and decency."

Modern Southern politicians are fond of describing themselves as being "people-oriented," and they undertake elaborate projects to dramatize their concern for the common man. As a Congressman, Pryor worked anonymously in nursing homes for several weeks and later made public his findings about how old people were being mistreated. Campaigning successfully for the U.S. Senate in 1970, Florida Democrat Lawton Chiles walked a circuitous 1,003 well-publicized miles from Pensacola to Miami, chatting every step of the way with prospective voters about their problems. Last year, while running for Governor, Mississippi's Cliff Finch caught attention by spending a day a week working at such jobs as grocery-store clerk and bulldozer operator.

Television's invasion into Southern homes has turned the flamboyant old stump speakers into an obsolete breed. Like many another oldtime Southern demagogue, Louisiana's Huey Long, who could have talked the alligators out of the bayous, used his stump-speaking abilities to become the hero of his state's poor people. So did Eugene Talmadge, an on-and-off Governor of Georgia for many years in the 1930s. His son, U.S. Senator Herman Talmadge, makes a then-and-now comparison: "In my father's day, you had big rallies at the county courthouse and, if you could afford it, you had barbecues. You shook every hand you could find, and it was all face to face. It's all changed now. You are talking to people sitting quietly in their living rooms. The atmosphere of the old public meeting is gone. You have to be attractive phys-

ically and look good. Abraham Lincoln wouldn't have been very successful on TV."

Still, their handling of racial matters is the key to the new Southern politicians. They are not color-blind. Far from it—they especially court the black vote. Mississippi's Democratic Representative David Bowen, 43, is typical. Says he: "I make a special effort to reach out. I speak in black churches and to black civic groups. I've been to dozens of black clubs and gatherings. That's not a unique situation now. Anyone in Mississippi who wants to get elected does that. These are my constituents."

Many of the political oldtimers have also got the word. Examples:

► Alabama's George Wallace was elected Governor in 1962 standing four-square on a platform against a state sales-tax increase. After he was elected, the legislature voted in favor of a tax hike, and House Speaker Albert Brewer visited the Governor to commiserate "because you'll have to veto it." Brewer later recalled: "He looked at me in silence for a moment and said, 'I'll just holler nigger and everybody will forget it.' And he did. And they did." In his 1963 inaugural speech, Wallace proclaimed: "Segregation now—segregation tomorrow—segregation forever." But on a November weekend ten years later, Wallace crowned a black home-

FRIENDS FLASHING VICTORY SIGNS IN SOUTH CAROLINA





TEXAS'S HILL

FLORIDA'S CHILES

ARKANSAS'S PRYOR

GEORGIA'S YOUNG

ARKANSAS'S BUMPERS

The difference nowadays is that the candidate who can holler "nigger" the loudest no longer wins elections.

coming queen at the University of Alabama, then told a black mayors' meeting in Tuskegee: "We're all God's children. All God's children are equal."

► Louisiana's State Representative Risley Claiborne ("Pappy") Triche was a legislative floor leader in the fight against school desegregation in the 1960s. But in 1972, speaking in favor of two bills aimed at protecting racial minorities from job discrimination, he acknowledged that some people might think, "Listen to that segregationist. Isn't that the guy who offered all the segregation bills in 1960 and fought the battle to preserve segregation in our public school system?" The only reply I can make to that, gentlemen, is that yes, that occurred. At that time in the state of development of the history of our state, we thought we were correct. We now find that we were wrong."

► South Carolina's Republican Senator Strom Thurmond is the man who, as a Democratic Governor in 1948, led a Southern walkout in protest against a civil rights plank in the national Democratic platform. Running for President as a Dixiecrat, Thurmond carried four Deep South states. He switched to the Republican Party in 1968, and later became an architect of Richard Nixon's 1972 "Southern strategy." Today he eagerly displays to visitors in his office a two-page list of "accomplishments in behalf of blacks." Items: "Assisted Mrs. Victoria DeLee in expediting day-care funds for Dorchester County"; "Cosponsored bill to find a cure for sickle-cell anemia."

ON THE HILL

Since politicians from the Deep South long had no chance of rising to the presidency, they concentrated on holding power through the Congress. Elect 'em young and keep 'em there was the credo—and for most of this century, Southern House and Senate committee chairmen, who attained their positions through seniority, were effective against civil rights legislation. Now the Southern death grip on committee chairmanships is weakening. In the Senate, three key chairmen are expected to retire in 1979: Mississippi's James Eastland, 71 (Judiciary), Alabama's John Sparkman, 76 (Foreign Relations), and Arkansas' John McClellan, 80 (Appropriations). Mississippi's John Stennis (Armed Services) is a cinch for re-election this year, but he will be 81 when his next term ends. In each case, a Northern Senator stands next in line of succession.

The situation is much the same in the House. Arkansas' Wilbur Mills, who lost Ways and Means after his Tidal Basin antics, is retiring. In a virulent outbreak of democracy, freshmen in the House Democratic Caucus last year forced the ouster from chairmanships of Louisiana's F. Edward Hébert (Armed Services), and Texas' Wright Patman (Banking) and W.R. Poage (Agriculture). All were replaced by Northerners.

Yet instead of chagrin, a sense of relief seems to prevail among many Southerners on Capitol Hill. Says South Carolina's Democratic Senator Ernest ("Fritz") Hollings: "When I first came

up here, they had all of us Southerners meeting around [Georgia's Senator] Dick Russell. Later on we met for a while around [Louisiana's] Allen Ellender and decided what to do about a busing amendment. Those days are gone. We don't see our interest now as being any different from any other section of the country." Adds Florida's Senator Chiles: "A lot of new Southern political talent is being liberated now. I don't think the South still needs the kind of power the old committee chairmen had. When they had it, they used it defensively to try to block civil rights legislation, for instance, and to get a little pork. The system is changing. We don't have to block anything now. We've been integrated."

That feeling runs strongly among the South's White House members. Some note happily that black Representatives Barbara Jordan and Andrew Young often choose to sit in the House chamber with white Southern friends rather than with Northern liberals or blacks. Others laugh about how some white Southern votes are now cast to block antibusing amendments backed by Michigan and Massachusetts Congressmen. Most of the South's congressional Democrats point with particular pride to the fact that on the 1975 roll call for a seven-year extension of the Voting Rights Act, their vote in favor was 52 to 26 in the House and 9 to 6 in the Senate. Southern Republicans, on the other hand, opposed extension by 17 to 10 in the House and 4 to 2 in the Senate.

NORTH CAROLINA'S LEE MISSISSIPPI'S BOWEN

SOUTH CAROLINA'S HOLLINGS VIRGINIA'S BUTLER

GEORGIA'S TALMADGE



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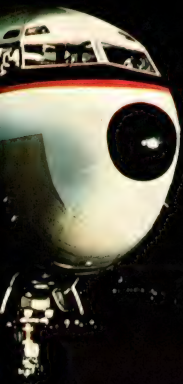
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THE 1978 MODEL.



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BOEING

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THE SOUTH

THE G.O.P. DILEMMA

That vote cast harsh light on a particular problem for the South's Republican Party, which as recently as 1972 showed promise of providing the region, at long last, with a genuine two-party system. Dwight Eisenhower, national hero, had brought respectability to Southern Republicanism in 1952, carrying Florida, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. His success signaled at least the beginning of the end for "yellow-dog democracy," in which, or so it was said, Southerners would vote for a yellow dog if it were nominated by the Democratic Party. By the late 1950s, efforts by Democratic Southern Governors attracting Northern industries caused something of a political backlash. Recalls South Carolina's Fritz Hollings of his term (1959-63) as Governor: "After four years I had filled up the state with industry. Then I looked around and they were all Republicans. When you bring in G.E. and Westinghouse, you get the jobs, but then you see that politics follows the jobs."

In 1964 Barry Goldwater became the first Republican ever to sweep the Deep South—but in so doing, he helped

places in Southern state legislatures.

Then, in 1974, Republicans suffered a serious setback. The Southern G.O.P. lost one seat in the U.S. Senate, seven in the House and 82 in state legislatures—including 40 in North Carolina alone. The main reasons were voter protests against Watergate and the recession, but Virginia Congressman M. Caldwell Butler, a moderate Republican who was one

Gold, you finally recognized us." Says North Carolina's Democratic Representative Richardson Preyer: "For the South, it will put on the imprimatur—we're all part of the country; we're not just a poor cousin."

But what if Carter loses? Will Southerners assume that defeat came in part because of Northern prejudice against the South? Will the South retreat once more into embittered isolation? Says Mississippi's Democratic Congressman David Bowen: "It would reinforce some of the South's apprehensions and increase the South's feeling of per-



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MISSISSIPPI'S BILBO ON THE STUMP; LOUISIANA'S LONG IN FULL FLIGHT; ARKANSAS' FAUBUS; GEORGIA'S EUGENE TALMADGE CAMPAIGNING IN FOLKSTON

paint the Southern G.O.P. into a far corner of conservative, segregationist reaction. Figuring that Republicans could not win much of the black vote as a bloc, Goldwater said: "We ought to go hunting where the ducks are"—in effect among white segregationists. This appeal, then and since, attracted many strongly conservative Democrats who were distressed by the increasingly moderate trend of their own party. In 1972 the G.O.P. reached its high-water mark: Nixon won all Southern states, and after the election Republicans held seven U.S. Senate and 34 House seats from the South, as well as 288

of several Southern stars on the House Judiciary Committee that voted for impeachment of President Nixon, ascribes to the G.O.P. of his own state a flaw that applies elsewhere as well. Says he: "Republicans in Virginia have fallen heir to the extremist conservative elements of the Democratic Party."

With Jimmy Carter heading the Democratic ticket, Southern Republican fortunes hardly seem likely to improve in 1976. Party politics aside, what would Carter's election mean to the South? Says Arkansas' Governor Pryor: "We wouldn't be singing Dixie, but we'd be saying to the rest of the country, 'Thank

secession. We Southerners feel we've been discriminated against, just as the blacks were discriminated against."

That view seems overly gloomy. The political change that the South has undergone seems irrevocable. Win or lose, the mere fact that Georgia's Jimmy Carter has received his party's presidential nomination is ample evidence that the American South is entering more fully into the nation's political mainstream.

THE CANDIDATE

How Southern Is He?

I am a Southerner and an American.

—Jimmy Carter, *Why Not the Best?*

The priorities seem implicit in the autobiography that Carter wrote as he set out on his presidential quest. Yet despite his credentials—boyhood in and manhood return to South Georgia, a couple of terms in the state legislature, the governorship—how much of a Southern stamp does Carter really have? After all, he left Georgia at 18 for the U.S. Naval Academy, was exposed there to everything from ballroom dancing to naval strategy, followed that with windows on the non-Southern world in such places as Oahu, Hong Kong and Schenectady, N.Y.

Carter does not fit many Southern stereotypes. He is not a hard drinker, poker player, or profane and garrulous see-gar-chomping raconteur. His humor is low key, his New South approach to voters is cooler than the delivery of the hot stump speechifiers of another era. Carter tells crowds: "When I'm in the White House, you'll have a friend there." In contrast, a prewar Georgia Governor and populist, gallus-snappin' Eugene Talmadge, was wont to tell his crowds: "Come see me at the mansion after I'm elected, and we'll set on the front porch and piss over the rail at them city bastards." Carter quotes Reinhold Niebuhr and Bob Dylan rather than traditional Southern heroes. He is more self-disciplined than many a Southerner, aloof to the point of loneliness.

Carter is a product of Georgia, and he moves easily in the two cities without which the state would be Alabama East. Atlanta and Savannah represent a wedding of the old and the new, and

give Georgia the tone that distinguishes it from the rest of the South. Savannah drips with history, tradition and gentility. Atlanta is and was the transportation crossroads of the South. It is a city of stunning architecture, the regional headquarters of most of FORTUNE's 500, cosmopolitan rather than provincial (only a quarter of the population is native-born).

While all this is part of Carter's world, he is a Southern farm boy at heart who still knows how to turn sweet-potato vines, chop cotton and pull peanuts, and who looks homeward to a hamlet so archetypically Southern that it is almost parody. Beyond that, he is a bucolic devotee of hunting and bird dogs, stock-car racing and rock music—notably backwoods Georgia's own Allman Brothers. Says he of Georgia rockers in general: "They're good boys. I understand them."

He is also a totally immersed Christian who knows his Bible, along with all verses of *Amazing Grace*, and considerably neither religion nor kinship particularly joke-worthy. While Carter does not stem-wind like a "How long O Lord?" Frank Clement or Huey Long, he is a truly Southern orator. He is given to nostalgia, imagery and hyperbole. He declared in his acceptance speech in Madison Square Garden, for instance, that the U.S. income tax structure was "a disgrace to the human race."

TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud, who has covered the Democratic candidate since last October, reports:

Carter is a melder. He has spent much of his life seeking the golden



mean. His parents differed dramatically on everything from race to reading habits, and Carter apparently learned early that if he wanted to earn the approval of both of them, he would have to partition his personality to strike the best balance between them. The balance that he struck was nearly perfect.

On his father's side, he is Old South. His late father, "Mr. Earl," was a seigneurial landowner and entrepreneur who did not allow Negroes beyond his back door (Mr. Earl's father, in epic Southern style, was gunned down in an argument over ownership of a desk). Carter's mother, Miss Lillian, who was always more bookish, represented the New South, urging fair and open treatment for blacks, less stress on tradition and more attention to the times that are a-changing.

Carter's success as a Southern politician has been based on his ability to sense that his personality, created in part by the push and pull of his parents' influence, reflected the mood of much of the contemporary South—a continued reverence for the past with a growing desire to "get shut" of it. On this basis, he campaigned for Governor, and, sensing a similar attitude in the nation as a whole, he is campaigning for President on this basis. If there is a problem now, it is that, while Carter's understanding of Southern attitudes is intuitive, his understanding of the national mood beyond the South is merely intellectual.

Like many other Southern moderates who were "moderate on race" long before that was socially acceptable, Carter was not a passionate crusader for civil rights in the years before he entered politics. On the school board, in his church and in the Plains business community, he did make small gestures—which required a measure of courage—in behalf of simple justice for blacks. But even in Plains, where the Carters were the leading family, he knew the limits of his power and authority, and did not seek to strain the tolerance of his white neighbors beyond the breaking point. Still, Southern white moderates who took small steps at great risk are held in higher esteem by many blacks than Northern liberals who took bold steps at little or no risk.

Carter has said that if there is a single political philosophy that he can be identified with, it is populism. Thus, he

CARTER PERFORMING THE CHORE OF DRAINING THE FISH POND IN PLAINS



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY ALOU

THE SOUTH

is an heir to the political movement that argued that poor, rural Southerners were being exploited by the banks and big businesses of Atlanta as well as New York. As he has moved up the political ladder, he has toned down this pitch, adding such distinctly unpopulist notions as good management, long-range planning, competence and other hallmarks of the age of technocrats. But lately he has put into his speeches a line that invariably gets the most applause: "I don't owe the special interests a thing. I owe the people everything."

It is this philosophy that links him, however uneasily and tenuous, with Black Congressman Andrew Young and Mississippi Publisher Hodding Carter III on one end of the South's political spectrum, and with George Wallace and Lester Maddox on the other end. That was the point Carter was attempting to make when he said in 1970 that Maddox "has compassion for the little man," and when he said that a Humphrey-Wallace ticket in 1972 "would do well in the South," and when he called himself "basically a redneck."

Culturally, Carter has very little in common with rednecks, but he understands what their fears are, what makes them tick. He understands that they want to think well of themselves and appeals to them to do so. He still has enough redneck in him so that they do not see him as a total alien. For all his sophistication, he has never quite shaken his discomfort in posh surroundings. In the Governor's mansion in Atlanta, visitors were often surprised to find him padding around the elegant halls in bare feet.

Carter in a real sense has used the South. He has adopted what he liked and what was useful to him and tried to reject what he did not like or was not useful. His view of himself and the world has been shaped in large part by a distrust of big money, power and government, the dedication to the heroic mythology of the Confederacy and its gentle traditions that were so often belied by violent reality, the fundamentalist religion, the romantic belief in the redeeming qualities of rural life, and the sense of the region's old isolation, poverty, backwardness and—above all—its preoccupation with race. He also believes the South has been misunderstood. In a speech at Emory University while he was Governor, Carter said, "One of the great afflictions on the South in the past... is that... politicians have underestimated the Southern people. This has caused the lack of... accurate analysis of the quality of the South... by the rest of the nation and the world." However much Jimmy Carter may have been transformed by Yankee influences as an adult, the core of the man is Southern, and one of the most important causes that he identifies his candidacy with is the final, unqualified re-entry of the South into the Union.



BILLY CARTER (LEFT) & FRIENDS RELAXING IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE GAS STATION

MANNERS

Those Good Ole Boys

The term has infiltrated the language, carrying nuances not found in Fowler's Modern English Usage, shadings understood instinctively by Southerners but often baffling to armchair linguists beyond the Mason-Dixon line. TIME Washington Correspondent Bonnie Angelo, a native of Winston-Salem, N.C., wrote this report on what is—and is not—a good ole boy.

It is Friday night as any of ten thousand watering holes of the small towns and crossroads hamlets of the South. The room is a cacophony of the ping-pong-dingding of the pinball machine, the pop-fizz of another round of Pabst, the refrain of *Red Necks, White Socks and Blue Ribbon Beer* on the juke box, the insolent roar of a souped-up engine outside and, above it all, the sound of easy laughter. The good ole boys have gathered for their fraternal ritual—the aimless diversion that they have elevated to a life-style.

Being a good ole boy is not a consequence of birth or breeding; it cuts across economic and social lines; it is a frame of mind based on the premise that life is nothing to get serious about. A glance at the brothers Carter tells a lot. There is some confusion about why Billy Carter seems in many respects the quintessential good ole boy, while Brother Jimmy couldn't even fit into the more polished subspecies of conscious good ole boys who abound in small-town country clubs. Billy, amiable, full of jokes, his REDNECK POWER T shirt straining unsuccessfully to cover the paunch, swigs a beer, carefree on a Sunday morning, as Jimmy Carter, introspective, hard driving, teaches Sunday school. Jimmy sometimes speaks wistfully of Billy's good-ole-boy ease.

Lightheartedness permeates the good ole boy's life-style. He goes by nicknames like "Goober" or "Goat." He disdains neckties as a form of snobbery. When he dresses up, it is to wear a decorated T shirt with newish jeans or, for state occasions, a leisure suit with a colored shirt. If discussions veer beyond football toward substance, he cuts them off with funny stories.

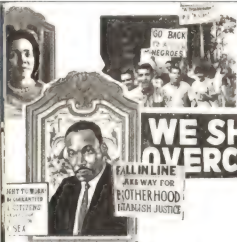
The core of the good ole boy's world is with his buddies, the comfortable, hyperhearty, all-male camaraderie, joshing and drinking and regaling one another with tales of assorted, exaggerated prowess. Women are outsiders; when social events are unavoidably mixed, the good ole boys cluster together at one end of the room, leaving wives at the other. The GOR's magic doesn't work with women; he feels insecure, threatened by them. In fact, he doesn't really like women, except in bed.

What he really loves is his automobile. He overlooks his wife with her hair up in pink rollers, sagging into an upside-down question mark in her tight slacks. But he lavishes attention on his Mercury mistress, Easy Rider shocks, oversize slickers, dual exhaust. He exults in tinkering with that beautiful engine, lying cool beneath the open hood, ready to respond, quick and fiery, to his touch. The automobile is his love and his sport.

Behind his devil-may-care lightheartedness, however, runs a strain of innate wisdom, an instinct about people and an unwavering loyalty that makes him the one friend you would turn to, not just because he's a drinking buddy who'll keep you laughing, but because, well, he's a good ole boy.

RACES

Away from Hate



Blacks in the South have made greater strides than in the rest of the country and are more hopeful of the future. For this historic breakthrough, blacks themselves are primarily responsible. In the face of intense white resistance, their struggle for equality was bitter, costly and ultimately triumphant. But whites too have profited from the change. They have been liberated from an obsessive preoccupation with an unjust system of discrimination, they can now turn to more constructive projects.

In an attempt to forestall federal efforts to integrate the South, whites used to argue that they "understood" blacks better than Northerners did. That racialization was partly true because the

fate of blacks and whites has been entwined since the start of slavery. Even when they were most at odds, they often lived in close proximity and fraternized casually. Once the barriers of segregation

came down, it became apparent that whites and blacks had more in common in the South than they did in the North. "There was an understanding between the two peoples," says Terry Sanford, president of Duke University. "Human relations always existed, and the other side was made up of people, not just an unknown mass."

Economically, blacks still lag considerably behind whites, but they are catching up. In 1959 the median income of Southern black families was 46% of that of white families; in 1974 it was 56%. The totals \$6,730 for black families, \$12,050 for whites. The black middle class is rapidly expanding, especially in the booming cities. Some black neighborhoods, such as Birmingham's Briarmont and Atlanta's Southwest, have all the amenities and status of upper-middle-class white residential areas.

The rural picture is not so bright. More than 50% of the 866,000 rural black families are living below the official poverty line (\$5,500 for a family of four). As agricultural jobs continue to dry up, unskilled blacks are being forced off the land. Some drift into the shabby single-family shacks in the ghettos of Southern cities, others travel to the denser ghettos of the North.

Yet even in some of the most economically backward of Southern counties, there is a sense of renewal because of increasing black participation in community life. The voices of hatred have not all been stilled. But they have been muted; when they speak at all, it is in whispers and innuendo, rather than the full-throated bigotry of earlier times. And blacks can now talk back: the dialogue is conducted between equals. Says Vernon Jordan, executive director of the National Urban League: "I would rather do business with a converted Southerner than a Northern liberal. The Northern liberal is basically paternalistic. You feel he is always looking down on you. But the Southern white man who gets converted to the cause—why, he would die for you."

Segregation Remembered

"Like most black Americans, my roots are in the South." So writes *TIME* Atlanta Correspondent Jack White, 30, who reported on many of the stories in this issue before taking nine months' leave for a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard. Here is White's personal account of being brought up under segregation:

My father's father was born a slave somewhere near Savannah, Ga. My mother's father was the son of a white undertaker and his mulatto concubine in a small town in North Carolina.

Like many other blacks, my parents migrated North to find education and better opportunities. My father went to Howard University medical school, and my mother went to Howard's nursing school. My parents wanted to shelter their children from segregation and all its belittling aspects, so they settled in Washington, which turned out to be as segregated a city as one could find.

In the 1950s, a clerk in a department store refused to let me sip from a water fountain, despite my mother's plea that "he's just a little boy." Later, when my family got its first television set, I was entranced by the ads for Glen Echo amusement park. My mother couldn't really explain why she couldn't take me there. The reason, of course, was that

Glen Echo did not admit blacks. Nor did many restaurants, movie theaters and other public facilities.

My deepest realization of what the Old South was really like came in about 1962, when my father, brother, a friend and I drove South to my grandmother's house in Stuart, Fla. On the way we were denied a room in a Holiday Inn in Savannah, and wound up sleeping in a

"rooming house" (read whorehouse) that hadn't had an overnight guest in years. In Stuart, my father went into a hardware store to buy a Thermos bottle. The white clerk asked my dad, a distinguished professor of surgery at least 20 years his senior, "What you want, boy?" My father struggled to maintain his dignity as he told the clerk what he wanted. I felt in my gut, for the first time, how hard it had been for black men to preserve their self-respect under a rigid system of white supremacy.

TIME CORRESPONDENT JACK WHITE (TOP LEFT) AT AGE TEN WITH HIS FAMILY



THE SOUTH

Because of the civil rights movement, I will never have to explain to my four-year-old son that he can't go to an amusement park or swim in a public swimming pool just because he is black. He will never see me diminish in his eyes because some white man can lord it over me and make me seem like a child.

White Southerners are now taking a great deal of pride in the region's rapid adjustment to the post-civil rights era. The fact is that every change was resisted, every improvement fought, every overtone turned back. Though many Southerners were made uneasy by the oppressive pattern of Southern race relations, most did little or nothing to change it. Not even Jimmy Carter resigned from his church when it voted to exclude blacks. Without unrelenting pressure from blacks and the Federal Government, white Southerners would never have changed. Southern behavior has changed, but the hearts, for the most part, are probably just the same.

White Southerners tend to have a passion for lost causes. The Washington Redskins, for example, were the South's "adopted" pro football team. They remained lily-white, and they retained

their Southern constituency, even though they were consistent losers. My dad and I used to go to Redskins games just to cheer when Jim Brown, Bobby Mitchell and other black stars "integrated" the Redskins' goal line. It was great. The Redskins' ownership would rather be white than winners.

Then the team's owner, George Preston Marshall, died, and Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams took over. Williams realized that he was in a new day, and the Redskins began to get black players. Within a few years, they became winners. Now everybody loves them.

Much the same thing has happened to the South. It has become a region of winners. Blacks are playing on the team. Points are going on the scoreboard. But is the change permanent?

My own guess is that the good impulses will win out. The Southern white man, even at his most bigoted, always had some noble impulses: loyalty, independence, courage. Martin Luther King spoke of the "redemptive power" of non-violent love, and his followers nodded amen. They believed white Southerners could be redeemed. And if they thought that, after 350 years of oppression, who am I to quarrel?

Things You Didn't Do, Boy

One by one—beginning with the *Brown v. Board of Education* decision in 1954, which outlawed school segregation, reaching on through the Civil Rights Acts of 1957, 1964, 1965 and 1968—the barriers against blacks in the South have come tumbling down. But it is shocking to recall how high they were in 1954, and in many cases much later than that. By statute, ordinance or custom that had the force of law, blacks in most parts of the eleven states of the Confederacy, plus some Border states and Washington, D.C., did not:

- Serve on juries.
 - Send children to white public schools.
 - Drink from a "whites only" water fountain.
 - Use a "whites only" rest room.
 - Rent a room in a white hotel, motel or apartment building.
 - Try on clothing in a store.
 - Sit down in a white restaurant.
 - Sit on the main floor of a movie theater, concert hall or other public arena.
 - Sit in the front of the bus.
 - Visit a white public park, beach or swimming pool.
 - Marry a white or even whistle at one.
- (Emmett Till, 14, from Chicago, was beaten and shot to death in Mississippi in 1955 for such a "crime," and other blacks were routinely beaten for "reckless eyeballing," i.e., looking at a white female.)

To most Southern whites, blacks were not entitled to normal courtesies. In courtrooms, black witnesses were usually called by their first names or

"uncle" or "gal." In some Southern towns, blacks were obliged to step off the sidewalk into the street to make room for passing whites. In some areas they were warned to be out of town by sunset. The few black policemen could not arrest whites.



A SEAT APART IN THE OLD DIXIE



A DRINK UNDER SEGREGATION

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1956



WITNESSES IN TRIAL OF MCKEON—These four sons of Marine Corps Platoon 71 await a call to testify in the court-martial trial of S/Sgt. Matthew C. McKee.

WILMINGTON STAR FRONT PAGE (1956)

The black witness was missing.

Southern newspapers routinely relegated announcements of black births, deaths and marriages to special Jim Crow pages. In 1956, the *Wilmington, N.C., Star* went to press with a front-page photo of four Marines who were to testify in the court-martial of a drill instructor charged with brutality. When an editor noticed that one of the witnesses was black, he ordered an employee to chisel the Negro's image out of the press plate. The paper appeared with a ragged white space where the black face had been.

In some rural areas, remnants of the barricades remain. Voter registration is occasionally made difficult for blacks, and without it, they cannot serve as jurors. There are neighborhoods and apartment buildings that still exclude blacks. Courtrooms where blacks are not accorded the courtesy of Mr. or Mrs. still exist. Interracial couples face severe—often unbearable—harassment in small Southern towns. But because the other vestiges of a segregated Southern society have largely disappeared, there is reason to hope that those remaining will disappear as well.



Reverse Migration

Craving jobs and a measure of equal treatment, blacks by the millions fled the South for the industrial cities of the North. The proportion of black Americans living in the South fell from 78% in 1900 to 43% in 1975. Lately, however, lessening racism and rapid economic growth have begun to reverse the trend. Many Northern blacks are apprehensive about the South, and some of those who left retain traumatic memories. But countless blacks are moving to the South, fleeing the Northern cities' high crime rates, high prices and deteriorating schools. For the most part, the people moving South are middle-class, educated blacks, who are better equipped than poorer blacks to take advantage of the region's new opportunities. Some of the new migrants gave their views to TIME Correspondent Joseph Boyce:

Tony Westmorland, 61, and his wife Doris, 60, had planned to sell the supermarket and liquor store that, along with some rental properties, netted him \$40,000 a year on Chicago's South Side and retire to Hawaii. Last year, however, they vacationed in the South and were pleasantly surprised by the friendliness of the people, the lower cost of living and the availability of good housing. Says Westmorland, who was raised in Atlanta: "I fell in love with it all over again." Adds his wife, who had not visited the South since she left Texarkana, Texas, as a child of seven: "I was so impressed with it and liked it so well that I decided this is it." Next month the Westmorlands will move into a three-bedroom, split-level house in Decatur, Ga.

LARRY SHAW WITH HIS CHILDREN



Westmorland has abandoned all thought of retiring. He is negotiating the lease for a liquor store in a Decatur shopping mall. Says he: "I wondered if they'd be reluctant about doing business with a black man." But the rental agent "talked to me like any other businessman. The guy was beautiful. He highly respected me. It seemed he went out of his way to make it easy for me."

Herbert Williams, an eleven-grade dropout from Little Rock, Ark., schools, went to Chicago in 1946 to seek his fortune. Over the next 28 years, he worked as a bus dispatcher, bus driver and truck driver. But he never felt comfortable living in Chicago. He resented the discrimination that for years barred him from North Side nightclubs. He found the people unfriendly and the pace too fast. Says he: "It is a big rat race, all hustle and bustle."

Because of an illness in his family, he returned to Little Rock in 1974 and decided to stay when he found that the civil rights movement had transformed life for blacks. Says he: "Now I can go anywhere—to any theater, to any bowling alley, anywhere." Moreover, Williams, 55, had no trouble finding work. Weekdays he is employed by the city, issuing all tools used for street repairs, weekends he helps a local undertaker. The jobs pay him about \$7,000 a year and leave him enough time for fishing, his favorite pastime.

William Dilday, comfortable as personnel manager for Boston TV station WHDH, had no intention of moving—particularly not to a small Deep South city. Says he: "I'm a product of the hustle-bustle megalopolis." In 1972, however, he could not turn down an offer to become the first black general manager of a U.S. TV station—WIBT in Jackson, Miss.

Now 38, Dilday earns more than \$40,000 a year and lives only a 15-min-

ute drive from his office. But while his wife Maxine, 35, and their two daughters relish Jackson's slow pace, Dilday restlessly misses the Celtics and Boston's other professional teams and live performances by top jazz groups. Says he: "When I got here, I couldn't understand why, when something needed to be done, it wasn't done today. There is not the competition here that there is in the big city." He complains also that the conservative white caste system that dominates the local economy may be hampering the city's growth.

Still, Dilday prefers to stay in the South, which he regards as "a mecca for young blacks." Says he: "If I were offered a comparable position in Chicago, Boston, New York or Atlanta, I'd probably take Atlanta."

Larry Shaw decided, after his wife died in 1969, that Chicago was no place for a single parent to raise three children. In particular, he says, "I was worried about the schools and the gangs." He moved to his native Memphis to join Stax Record Co.'s promotion department. He bought a five-bedroom, Tudor-style house in a predominantly Jewish neighborhood, and hired a housekeeper. When Stax went bankrupt, Shaw started his own consulting agency, which helps a dozen firms to sell to black consumers. He earns about \$40,000 a year.

Shaw, 38, could operate his business out of almost any city, but he decided to stay in Memphis, partly because he thinks race relations in the South are more open and honest than in the North. "In the North, we never knew what the real positions of whites were, or who the enemy was. In the South, I know where they stand, and they know where I stand." He also finds that Memphis' medium size "allows for black participation in the city's economic and social development." Blacks have not yet broken into the city's power elite, but Shaw predicts: "The South is going to rise again, and I intend to be part of it."

STATION MANAGER WILLIAM DILDAY WORKING AT WIBT-TV3, JACKSON, MISS.



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WYM9352PC Hardwood solids veneers and simulated wood accents



WYC 7660WD High-impact plastic cabinet with simulated walnut-grained finish



performance
TELEVISION

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

COMMUNITIES

A City Reborn

BIRMINGHAM! THE ALL-AMERICAN CITY!... Blacks sitting in at stores and restaurants. "Nigger lover" scrawled on shattered plate-glass windows of merchants suspected of sympathizing with them...

BIRMINGHAM! THE MAGIC CITY!... Firemen battering black women with high-pressure hoses, snarling police dogs...

BIRMINGHAM! THE FOOTBALL CAPITAL OF THE SOUTH!... The mangled bodies of little girls in a bombed-out church. Martin Luther King Jr. and Theophilus Eugene ("Bull") Connor—the irresistible black force meeting the immovable white object—confronting each other amid the flames...

BIRMINGHAM!

A postbellum parvenu, forged on steelmaking and railroads rather than magnolias and gentility, Birmingham dug in against the black demonstrators led by Martin Luther King Jr. Bull Connor, who really ran the city as public safety commissioner, personified entrenched white supremacy. In Birmingham's embattled spring of 1963, Connor coldly ordered his police and firemen to cut off black marches on downtown with fire hoses, police dogs and clubs. A series of bombings culminated one September morning in a blast that ripped open a black church, killing four small girls in Sunday-school class learning "the love that forgives."

Bull Connor has since died—and so has Birmingham's bitterness. It is significant in the contemporary South that Alabama's largest city (pop. 295,686) has become a model of Southern race relations. Legally, everything is integrated; blacks, who make up 40% of the population, work and shop and dine freely downtown. The only trace of the old "colored" fountains is scars on the walls where they were removed. No serious racial incident has occurred since the First Baptist Church voted six years ago not to admit two blacks as members. Even then, the pastor and many members marched away in protest and formed their own unsegregated church. Mixed housing and social mingling are advancing more slowly, but, says School Superintendent Wilmer S. Cody: "The voice of segregation is almost nonexistent in Birmingham. Not even in private conversation is it any longer acceptable to say such things."

The revolution was brought about largely because white voters became disgusted with Connor's brutish tactics and heavy political hand. In the midst of the 1963 racial outbreaks, they succeeded in

scrapping the archaic and arrogant commission form of government that provided his raw power. The mayor and city council who replaced the three commissioners (including Connor) have been more responsive and progressive. Mayor David J. Vann, 48, is a hearty lawyer and Methodist Sunday-school teacher who won the job last November in a campaign without any racial issues. The nine-member city council includes three blacks.

Since the Voting Rights Act of 1965, the black vote has increased from 15% to 40% of the total. Lawyer Arthur D. Shores, whose home was twice bombed, became the first black councilman in 1968; he and two other blacks were elected or re-elected with the help of many white votes. Blacks sit on most Birmingham city boards and the metro boards that the city has set up with surrounding Jefferson County. City departments are also integrated. The police force, once the epicenter of black hatred, has 34 black officers and two black sergeants in a force of 616. The total might be higher but blacks can find higher-paying jobs in private industry.

Under a federal court order, Birmingham's school system (94 schools, 47,000 pupils) is integrating smoothly, without busing. In 1970 a rezoning brought black and white kids together in some school districts. This year, neighboring black and white schools have been paired, and alternate or "magnet" schools with special curriculums have been set up for both races on a 50%-

50% enrollment basis. The main problem now is a white movement out of the city to surrounding bedroom towns—"because of affluence, not confrontation," insists Superintendent Cody—which has unbalanced school population from 50%-50% to 70%-30% black in six years.

Birmingham employers, hiring more black workers, are also finding it easier now to attract whites from other areas. Meanwhile, the outmigration of young blacks and whites has been reversed. Birmingham also shifted from blue collar to white collar, as its longtime economic base changed from heavy industry to nonmanufacturing enterprises like finance and merchandising. Steel companies closed old furnaces, built new ones that need fewer hands. The University of Alabama is now the city's principal employer, with 7,000 faculty and staff. 15,000 students are enrolled on an expanding campus that so far covers 60 blocks close to downtown. White collars demand more culture than blue: a \$60 million civic center nearing completion includes a 2,900-seat symphony hall and 1,000-seat theater, as well as a coliseum and exhibition hall.

Probably the greatest catalyst in Birmingham's reformation has been a biracial Community Affairs Committee of more than 80 leaders from every segment of the community that was first organized to discuss racial problems. The group was formed in 1969 at the urging of Birmingham News Editor Vincent Townsend, now retired but still active in civic affairs at 75. Townsend, who had the ear of Birmingham's business leaders, persuaded them to meet with the city's black leaders for what he called "self-preservation." The C.A.C. still meets every Monday for breakfast, always off the record so that anyone can speak freely about any civil ill. Says one member,



RACIAL STRUGGLE IN BIRMINGHAM, 1963

THE SOUTH

W Cecil Bauer, president of South Central Bell. "The pangs and problems of deprivation—for black and white alike—are no longer merely statistics."

Birmingham, of course, has not been totally transformed. "We don't make any claim that we've licked racism," says Mayor Vann, "but we've learned to face the problem candidly and not play games." City Councilman Richard Arrington complains that much of what has been done so far in Birmingham is "still very much tokenism." Arrington protests, for instance, that blacks "still have difficulty cracking the suburbs."

Mayor Vann worries about white flight from the city; black leaders complain that Birmingham may not be able to provide jobs to match new expectations, and that housing integration is limited to the poor. Adds N.A.A.C.P. Official W.C. Patton: "This is no utopia, but we're moving in the right direction." Patton likes the new Birmingham well enough to remain—for eternity. He recently bought eight plots in Elmwood Cemetery. Like everything else of value in Birmingham's bad old days, the graves there were once restricted to whites only.

Chatham Hall school for girls on one side of town and the Hargrave Military Academy on the other, as well as 19th-century wooden houses with broad front lawns and wide verandas.

TIME Correspondent Joseph Kane visited Chatham for several days to chat with the townfolk. His report:

Mayor Samuel McCabe Hairston, 49, stopped in at Woodfin's Pharmacy first thing on this rainy day, for everyone he needed to see would be there. The entire business community drops in at Woodfin's for coffee at 9 o'clock each morning, after picking up the mail at the post office, to discuss the current drought and other local problems. Said an attorney in the crowd: "We are a very small town and we want to keep it that way. Everybody knows everybody else—Morning, Bruce!—and the chances are that you are related to them."

As in most towns, a person is known by his family's reputation. "In all honesty, I will never be able to belong," says Bruce Elliott, a New Jerseyite who married a local woman and bought the Chatham hardware store. The pedigreed residents never exclude him from their conversations, he explains, but when they compare cousins and accomplishments, he has nothing to offer to match his wife's family heritage.

Times are rough right now in Chatham, both for the farmers with their puny, drought-burned tobacco leaves and for the folks in the stores, which are hurting for customers. "Nowadays, you are lucky if you can farm, keep your place clean and pay your taxes," complains Frank Pierce, 56, an archetypal Southern farmer in bib overalls. He says that many farmers are turning to moonshine whisky to see them through. Even so, there is a basic optimism. "Folks can do all right," maintains Mayor Hairston.

Physically, blacks and whites live close together in Chatham. "We don't have those subdivisions like you have in the North," says Hairston. Some 40% of the voters in the county are "Nigras," and Joseph Galloway, a black, is on the town council. But the barriers remain. Says Sam Swanson, a white: "Let's face it, the white man is afraid of the black man. The trust is there with those blacks we work with, but they are called Uncle Toms."

To Charles M. Miller, black pastor of the pentecostal First Church of Jesus and director of the Community Action Program, Chatham is a "reserved town of established families who want to keep it as it is." Adds Miller: "They are not openly trying to destroy black folks. They just ignore us."

But there is also Frances Hallam Hurt's view of Chatham. The epitome of the genteel Southern lady, she sees Chatham, from the vantage point of her nearby estate, as "the last outpost of the good life—and surprisingly kind."

Small Town Soul



VIEW OF CHATHAM'S MAIN STREET; TOWN FOLK SWANSON & HURT
Defining in many ways the Southerness of the South.

"The Southern States are an aggregate, in fact, of communities, not of individuals," said John C. Calhoun in 1838. The plantation communities that he was describing have long since disappeared. Yet the South is still an aggregate of communities, the cohesiveness now embodied in myriad small towns that form the backbone of the region. The South has more old towns with fewer than 7,500 residents than any other region in the nation. Both pilloried and praised by native writers, the small town remains the custodian of the Southern life-style. The home town's values, perceptions, even its personal style of politics, define in many ways the Southerness of the South.

Most of the towns are main-street hamlets, their once glorious centers

gently crumbling away while small industry and chain stores encroach on the fringes. There are the Greek Revival houses, the ubiquitous Baptist and Methodist churches, Confederate statues and, always, in the county seats, the courthouse squares.

The residents know everyone and everyone's business. Ultimately there grows a deep sense of belonging, of defining one's life through one's place in the community.

Urbanization, desegregation and television have all affected the small Southern towns. Most are now no more than 90 minutes down the road from some city. People frequently go there for shopping and entertainment. Still, at least for the time being, rapid growth has passed the little places by.

So it is in Chatham, Va., a community of 1,822 residents not far from a highway connecting it with Greensboro, N.C., and beyond. In the center of town is the courthouse of Pittsylvania County—named after William Pitt the Elder, who was the Earl of Chatham. Chatham boasts the elegant, Episcopal-run



BLACK STUDENT BEING JEERED IN LITTLE ROCK



DESEGREGATED TYPING CLASS IN JACKSONVILLE

THE SOUTH/EDUCATION

An Unfinished Task

During the desegregation of Little Rock's Central High School in 1957, a local Catholic priest received a phone call from a Boston clergyman asking what steps the church was taking to cool the hostilities. The answer did not completely satisfy the Bostonian. Last fall the Little Rock priest dialed his Yankee colleague. "I'm returning your call," he said. The Bostonian hung up.

Throughout the South, news of Northern and Border-state unrest over busing has been greeted with understanding and something more than a little regional *hubris*. For 22 years, since the Supreme Court's pathfinding decision against "separate but equal" education, the South has borne the brunt of federal court orders, HEW guidelines and financial sanctions, and national "holier-than-thou" attention. Now, perhaps, the South can teach other regions a few civil rights lessons.

Burgeoning Academies. At least when it comes to compliance with federal directives, that may be so. Of the more than 2,600 school systems in the eleven Southern states, the overwhelming majority desegregated under HEW pressure, and roughly 650 by direct court order. By 1972, 18 years after *Brown v. The Board of Education of Topeka*, 46.3% of all black pupils in the South attended schools that were predominantly white (compared to 31.8% in the Border states and 28.3% in the North and West). On the whole, desegregation has been most successfully achieved in small towns and rural districts, whereas problems remain in a number of city systems.

According to three separate polls, most Southern school administrators

feel that the quality of education has improved where desegregation has taken place. In Norfolk, Va., massive busing to achieve racial balance in the schools was ordered in 1970. Over the next two years, the average standardized reading test scores for black students rose from 74.4 to 81.9 (on a national norm of 100), while white students' scores went up from 92.3 to 96.7. In Little Rock, says School Superintendent Paul R. Fair, "desegregation is working."

But such optimistic reports and the South's positive record on compliance—notwithstanding the boll weevil's pace in many districts—have obfuscated some problems that the South still faces. As Journalist John Egerton writes in a report for the Southern Regional Council: "The South's report card in school desegregation is better than the North's but by no means outstanding. School desegregation in the South is in the main an unfinished task."

In fact, "second generation" problems abound, reminding all who are committed to quality and equality in education that desegregation neither guarantees integration nor necessarily stops discrimination. One type of discrimination now alleged by blacks is that a disproportionate number of schools in black neighborhoods were closed when school systems were unified, and many black teachers and administrators either lost their jobs or were effectively demoted following desegregation. "My appreciation for black history was greater in my schooling than what my children get," complains a Nashville father.

In some areas, the burgeoning of all-white private academies has led to the

resegregation of public schools. Summerton, S.C., for instance, finally desegregated in 1970. Today, thanks to the private schools, there are 2,125 blacks and four whites in the public schools. Overall, there are now 3,500 private academies in the South. About 750,000 mostly middle-class students—one out of ten white students in the South—attend these schools, which vary widely in quality and tuition. Some are make-shift affairs in church basements; others have multimillion-dollar facilities and are as good as or better than the region's public schools. Although they were founded in response to desegregation, the academies are preferred by some parents partly because they tend to be less permissive (paddling for discipline is a common practice) and because many of them are church-affiliated, a great plus in the South. Many parents gladly send their children on long bus rides to get to the private schools. Admittedly, the academies may have eased the desegregation process to some degree. As one Meridian, Miss., white fifth-grader told his mother some years back: "There won't be any trouble; all the troublemakers have gone to the private schools."

Ax-Handle Saturday. Not only have the academies spawned resegregation, but many urban school districts—especially in Atlanta, Richmond, Charleston, S.C., and Houston—have become increasingly black because a large number of whites have moved to the suburbs. Another pattern of resegregation occasionally takes place within desegregated schools when students are simply assigned to segregated classes. Sometimes the black students segregate themselves. For example, at the season's first pep rally this year at Indian River High School in Chesapeake,

EDUCATION

Va., all the blacks sat on one side of the gym while the whites sat on the other. Says Dorothy Polk of Charlotte, N.C.: "Black children tend not to join in as much, and this is a matter of concern."

In addition, grouping students by ability (a common practice throughout the country) almost invariably leads to essentially segregated classes—an indication of the quality of black schools before desegregation. Generally, even the white schools were nothing to boast about, in part because the South has always spent considerably less per student than the rest of the country.

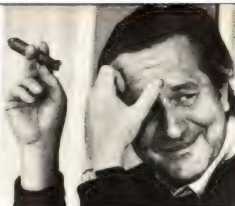
The process of Southern school desegregation has varied widely from city to city, but Jacksonville (pop. 528,000) offers an illustrative example of both the battle and eventual accommodations. For 15 years after the Supreme Court's *Brown* decision, the 14th largest school district in the country paid little, if any, attention to the law of the land. Duval County (Jacksonville and environs) employed busing, but primarily to move black students—30% of the roughly 115,000 students—from throughout the county to inner-city all-black schools. During that period, civil rights demonstrations by black groups prompted a violent reaction from the conservative working-class whites. In 1960 a Ku Klux Klan "ax-handle Saturday" resulted in a riot in which blacks who were peacefully picketing for integrated restaurants were severely beaten.

Ranked Blacks. It was more than a decade later, after a lawsuit, a massive black boycott of the schools, and the discreditation of the district's high schools, that the Jacksonville school board and the N.A.A.C.P. were called to meet a federal three-judge panel in Atlanta and ordered to produce a desegregation plan. The accepted two-phase plan, for '71 and '72, aimed at achieving 30% black enrollment in all but a few of the county's schools, but also called for the closing of nine of the previously black schools, either because their facilities were inadequate or because they were in crime-ridden neighborhoods. Blacks were particularly rankled by the shutting down of two relatively new schools, while the oldest white school in the system, built in 1898, remained open.

Today, 55,000 students are bused, and the enrollment in private academies, which peaked in 1972 (17,600 students attending 58 private schools), has dropped somewhat. Says one black student: "Black and white students get along better, do things together, and color is nothing." How Jacksonville managed to desegregate without widespread violence is accounted for by some by the taste of what the city got on "ax-handle Saturday." Others credit the blacks' patience and restraint, or the fatiguing 15 years of school-board resistance that gave whites time to adjust to the idea. But as one local observer put it, "Maybe Jacksonville just muddled through."



LILLIAN HELLMAN & WILLIAM STYRON



Fighting the Brain Drain

The South was the "Sahara of the Bozart"—mediocre, stupid, lethargic. So insisted Supercynic H.L. Mencken. Even Virginia, the "most civilized" state in the South, was an "intellectual Gobi or Lapland," where education "had sunk to the Baptist-seminary level: not a single contribution to human knowledge has come out of her colleges in 25 years."

Since Mencken published his notorious essay in 1920, many oases have bloomed in that Sahara, among them the present-day Universities of North Carolina, Texas and Virginia as well as Duke, Vanderbilt, Rice and Tulane. Nevertheless, when indices of excellence are applied to higher education, the South, in general, comes up short. Slightly more than a quarter of the nation's 3,016 accredited institutions are located there, but a 1970 study showed that the South had only 5% of the nation's best graduate programs and just 8% of the best graduate faculties. In 1975 fewer than 7% of the members of the National Academy of Sciences were associated with institutions in the South.

Why the paucity of an intellectual culture in the South? Historically, according to W.J. Cash in his classic book, *The Mind of the South*, the causes are in the rural surroundings, which offered few stimulations: the strength of religion, which answered philosophical questions with prayers; and, most of all, the defense of slavery, which "set up a ban on all analysis and inquiry, a terrified reluctance toward every new idea." A simple world spawned simple pursuits "Horses, dogs and guns, not books, ideas and art" were Southerners' "normal and absorbing interests." Or, as Henry Adams wrote in his *Education*, "Strictly, the Southerner had no mind; he had temperament."

Today, the most distinguished of Southern university presidents, Vanderbilt's Alexander Heard, 59, concurs with Cash on the devastating effect of slavery. In the century since the Civil War, which caused further cultural stagna-



ROBERT PENN WARREN (TOP); TRUMAN CAPOTE

tion, the nation's intellectual ferment has taken place mostly outside the South. Says Heard: "Strength breeds strength. The streams of intellectual creativity coming from Cambridge, Massachusetts, reinforce and regenerate themselves." Centers of intellect, he maintains, are highly concentrated and "tend to be self-perpetuating."

Only in the intellectual fields of history and fiction has the South been brilliantly represented. But most of the luminaries left the South—Robert Penn Warren, Truman Capote, Lillian Hellman, William Styron went to the North to write. Historians C. Vann Woodward, Julian Boyd and David Donald went to the North to teach. Explains one Deep South professor who moved away ten years ago: "Southern universities were not exactly bastions of freedom. Intellectuals could be severely hassled, and professors who held divergent views had

to be either gutsy or masochistic to stay. It's difficult to seek or create mental challenges when you have no peace of mind." As recently as 1972, more than half of the colleges the American Association of University Professors censured for not supporting academic freedom and tenure were in the South.

Now, however, Heard and many others believe that higher education in the South is emerging "from the shackles of its inheritance." One major reason: the region is no longer burdened by a polarized biracial society, which Heard feels was the root cause of its economic, cultural and educational problems. The rapid economic growth of the region should also help contribute to its universities' welfare. Says Heard: "Over the long haul, the most important single determinant of academic quality is the financial strength of the institution." The faculty salaries at Southern four-year colleges for all ranks of teachers average \$15,500—\$2,000 under the national level.

Another plus for today's South, says Heard, is a freer "market of intellectual talent than before. Southerners are moving all over the country and non-Southerners are moving into the South." One intellectual who has returned is Sheldon Hackney, 42, a Southern historian who became provost of Princeton, then moved to New Orleans to become president of Tulane. He and his wife, Hackney says, "always knew we would like to come back to the South and see what we could contribute."

Positive Signs. One way that the South can help to reverse the brain drain to the North, suggest both Hackney and Heard, is to better integrate its universities. At Tulane only 5% of the 5,000 students are black; at Vanderbilt the percentage is even lower: 4% of 6,900 students. At both universities the black students are unwelcome in fraternities and sororities and do not join the mainstream of campus life. Yet even that degree of integration represents a revolutionary change in race relations over the past decade.

One of the ironies of integration is that it has weakened the black colleges. Even though many blacks can now go to white schools, Howard University's James E. Cheek argues that the nation still needs predominantly black institutions "through which blacks can have a means of expression and which can serve as cultural centers for black communities." For seven years the president of the nation's most prestigious largely black university, Cheek, 43, has become something of a Southern chauvinist. He believes that "Southerners are more willing to talk candidly about race and to identify bigotry as bigotry," and adds, "I have always found that a reconstructed white Southerner on matters of race is committed. It's not for show." Like Heard and Hackney, Cheek sees positive signs for education in the South's more open racial dialogue.

THE SOUTH/PRESS

Dixie's Best Dailies

The South has long been a land of first-rate newspaper editors and second-rate newspapers. Ralph McGill of the *Atlanta Constitution*, Josephus and Jonathan Daniels of the *Raleigh News and Observer*, Harry S. Ashmore of the *Arkansas Gazette*, Hodding Carter of the *Delta Democrat-Times* and other Southern editors became more distinguished for the strength of their convictions than the quality of their coverage.

The giants of Southern journalism have largely passed from the scene, but the newspapers of the South are probably better than ever. More and more Dixie dailies are starting to cover national news seriously, commit money and staff to investigative reporting and pay their talent well enough to halt its traditional northward migration. Among prominent defectors: Tom Wicker and Clifton Daniel of the *New York Times*, David Brinkley of NBC, Dan Rather of CBS. Five Southern newspapers best exemplify the new stirring in Southern journalism. They are, in alphabetical order:

MIAMI HERALD'S MARTIN & JINKS



JOHN DELOACH



The Charlotte Observer

(circ. 169,968), owned by the Knight-Ridder chain, sends four editions across the Carolinas every morning, and more than 60% of its readers live outside Charlotte. Editor C.A. McKnight covers a lot of ground with only 38 reporters, but does not slight long-term investigative projects. One example: *Observer* reporters spent 21 months digging through expense vouchers at the Southern Bell Telephone Co.; so far, eleven executives have been indicted for cheating the utility. The paper's support of school busing has not pleased many readers, but Editor Reese Cleghorn's sensitive editorials rarely offend. That editorial-page task is left to Doug Marlette, 26, whose tough cartoons are syndicated to 80 dailies. Lately, Executive Editor David Lawrence has invited local businessmen to sit in on editorial meetings. "We're not afraid of criticism," he says. "I want this paper to reflect the ideas of the people who live here."

THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL

(circ. 204,747) loaded its presses onto a railroad car in 1862, and then gave the advancing Yankees hell from all over the South. The hell-raising persists, but the enemy has changed. The paper's 1975 expose of racial discrimination in local apartment complexes led to one of the largest cash settlements in the history of open-housing litigation. This year the *Commercial Appeal* revealed how Memphis' biggest department store was spying on customers in its dressing rooms, and endorsed a black candidate with a white wife over 15 white opponents for the office of county legislator. "We have no illusions that we are universally loved," admits Editor Michael Grehl, 47. Grehl's New York-based overseers at the Scripps-Howard chain

CHARLOTTE OBSERVER'S REESE CLEGHORN



Now, with the proper guidance,
even the beginner can master the art

The Cooking of

In *The Cooking of China* you'll get that proper guidance. This volume from the best-selling *FOODS OF THE WORLD* series helps take the confusion out of Chinese dishes such as deep-fried shrimp toast, sour-and-hot soup, smoked chicken. It's brimful with easy-to-follow recipes, tested and retested in our *FOODS OF THE WORLD* kitchen. How-to-do-it illustrations show you how to master the basic cooking techniques. Step-by-step instructions make the most exotic dish a pleasure to prepare. Examine *The Cooking of China* and its companion Recipe Booklet free for 10 days. Read them. Work with them. Here are some of the fascinating things you'll discover:

How to Plan a Perfect Chinese Meal

There are no separate courses to worry about when you plan a Chinese dinner party. Every dish is served at the same time. And you can balance your choice of dishes so that both the preparation and the cooking are simple, orderly procedures. In *The Cooking of China* you'll find dozens of recipes for "prepare early" dishes such as braised star anise beef, plus a generous sampling of dishes such as barbecued spareribs which require slow, un-

attended cooking. This leaves you free for chicken with bean sprouts or another favorite stir-fry dish. To guide you in your selection, you'll find sample dinner menus with dishes that offer endless variety and are easy to prepare.

How to Create a Sumptuous Meal with a Few Simple Rules

The Chinese make preparation and cooking two separate procedures. Most preparation requires chopping and should be done in advance. Many Chinese dishes are stir-fried and timing and total concentration are important. Experimentation is a time-honored Chinese tradition. Though most Chinese ingredients now are readily available in food stores, you can substitute spinach for cabbage, broccoli for bean sprouts. Chinese cooking is done with a few key utensils. But you can improvise with items from your own kitchen. You'll find out exactly how to do it in *The Cooking of China*.

Examine The Cooking of China Free for 10 Days

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the guest of TIME-LIFE BOOKS. If you decide to keep it, you pay just \$7.95 plus shipping and handling. We'll enter your subscription to *FOODS OF THE WORLD*, and other volumes in the series will be shipped to you a volume at a time approximately every other month. Your epicurean adventures will include *The Cooking of Italy, Germany, Provincial France*. . . Your guides will be famous gourmets such as James Beard, Julia Child. . . Each volume is \$7.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no club to join. Never a minimum number of books to buy. And you may cancel your subscription at any time by notifying us. If you don't choose to keep *The Cooking of China*, simply return the books within 10 days, your subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and you will be under no further obligation. Mail attached card, or write to address given below.

Writing in *New York Magazine*, Gael Greene said about *FOODS OF THE WORLD*, "Resistance to cookbook collecting vanished. . . I have to have them all. . ." We hope you'll agree. Why not begin your culinary experience with *The Cooking of China*?

Eating with chopsticks. Western Style. One of the many helpful hints in *The Cooking of China*.



Eating with Chopsticks. Illustrated above is the basic technique for using chopsticks. However, there's no one-and-only way to use chopsticks. Simply adjust this basic grip to one that is easy and comfortable for you.



Sculpted Vegetables. Chinese ingredients should please the eye and the palate. The illustrations above demonstrate how to make scallion brushes, tomato roses, carrot flowers, icicle-radish flowers. They are served both as a food and a garnish.

This handsome 206-page book measures 8½" x 11" and contains:

- 87 pages of full-color photographs and illustrations.
- More than 70 authentic Chinese recipes tested and retested in our kitchen.
- Step-by-step illustrations demonstrating preparation and cooking techniques.
- Detailed guide explaining ingredients used in Chinese cooking.
- List of the basic sauces and condiments used in Chinese cooking.
- List of stores in the United States that accept mail orders for Chinese food.
- Basic rules for Chinese menu planning including sample menus.
- Separate spiral-bound Recipe Booklet.
- Valuable 64-page Kitchen Guide.

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Using the Versatile Cleaver. The cleaver is an indispensable utensil to Chinese cooks. They use it to slice, dice, mince and chop. The cleaver can be used efficiently and safely with just a bit of practice.



Deep-Frying. The Chinese deep-fry everything from shrimp toast and wontons to beef and chicken. Deep-frying is done in several stages. Shown above is the step-by-step preparation of deep-fried shrimp balls.



Two Simple Wrappers. Wontons and egg-rolls are easy to prepare. They are filled, shaped and cooked in a variety of ways. Shown above are basic techniques for folding and filling egg-rolls and several kinds of wontons.

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THE PRESS

do not seem to mind his growing. One reason may be that the company also owns the evening *Press-Scimitar* (circ. 111,957) and has a Memphis monopoly. Another is that the *Commercial Appeal* generally finds room on the front page for such beloved stand-bys as a recent story of a boy and his lost dog, with a picture of the pair reunited.

THE DALLAS TIMES HERALD

(circ. 225,749) was just another tired evening paper when the Los Angeles-based Times Mirror Co. bought it in 1970. Then the company brought in former L.B.J. Aide Tom Johnson (no kin), who has raised salaries by 25% in the past three years, upped the editorial staff from 124 to 152, and spent some 61% more on newsgathering than his predecessor. More important, Johnson, 34, gave the *Times Herald* backbone. For the first time in years, the paper took on the Dallas Chamber of Commerce by opposing its plan to keep tolls on a local turnpike, and last March ticked off 24 local real estate advertisers with a dispiriting account of development along a local lake; they have since yanked their ads.

The Miami Herald

(circ. 401,643) ranks among the nation's best newspapers. The pride of the Knight-Ridder chain, the *Herald* has an editorial staff of some 260 spread over Miami, eight other Florida cities and in Washington. Three Miami-based reporters cover Latin America, to which the paper airlifts 8,500 copies a day. Reporter Gene Miller this year won a Pulitzer Prize, his second, for helping free two men sentenced to death for murder. Executive Editor Larry Jinks and Managing Editor Ron Martin often run three stories on the same subject, side by side, just for completeness. Since last March the paper has published *El Miami Herald*, a separate Spanish-language edition for Miami's estimated 500,000 expatriate Cubans.

St. Petersburg Times

(circ. 188,921) is studied with Phi Beta Kappa, former Rhodes scholars and Nieman fellows and such respected names as former U.P.I. Foreign Editor Wilbur Landrey and former Washington Post Deputy Metro Editor Andrew Barnes. What attracts them? Partly the paper's high pay and profit-sharing plan, but mostly Eugene Patterson. A Pulitzer prize-winning veteran of the *Atlanta Constitution* and *Washington Post*, Patterson, 52, came to the *Times* in 1971 at the behest of Publisher Nelson Poynter, 72. Since Patterson's arrival, circulation has jumped 25%. Perhaps lost as readers are the officials convicted after *Times* exposés—including three county commissioners the paper fingered for bribery last year. Patterson insisted that the *Times* play one crime story as front-page news: the drunk-driving arrest of Eugene Patterson.



PUBLISHER LEVY, ART DIRECTOR BROYLES & EDITOR BROYLES IN TM'S NEW OFFICE

Cheeky TM

"Texans," as F. Scott Fitzgerald would have said, "are different from you and me." Yes, they have *Texas Monthly*. Theirs is the only state in the South with a slick, thick and entertainingly cheeky magazine to tell residents what sets them apart from other Americans—and what does not.

Since it was launched in 1973 by Reporter-turned-Lawyer Michael R. Levy, 30, *Texas Monthly* has taken on just about every sacred steer in the Lone Star State: college football, the Miss Texas Pageant, oil barons, the Texas Rangers. Dallas banks *TM's* exposure of a backwoods speed trap near San Antonio that collected fines of \$168,000 a year led to suits by the county and a nearby town. No Texas legislator on *TM's* biennial "ten best" list has ever been defeated, while 40% of those listed among the "ten worst" are out of office. Says Levy: "We've managed to offend everybody, and we've gotten away with it."

One reason is *Texas Monthly's* mix: a skilled blend of solid investigative articles, statewide consumer guides to shopping and shows, the clever graphics of Art Director Sybil Newman Broyles and poems to such Texas institutions as cowboy boots, wildcat oil drillers, chicken fried steaks and the brothel "that slept more politicians than the Driskill Hotel and the Governor's mansion combined." In fact, keeping classified Texans in touch with their frontier heritage is one of *TM's* top missions. Says Editor William Broyles, 31: "Our goal is to locate, and glory in, the rough edges of Texas culture."

Bringing Texas to the Texans has brought prosperity to *Texas Monthly*. Circulation has risen from an initial 20,000 in 1973 to nearly 200,000, and *TM* is now available on newsstands from Boston to Boulder, Colo. Next month's issue will bulge with 11½ pages of advertising, up from the first month's six.

The son of a Dallas real estate developer, balding, bankerly Mike Levy went East to college, worked as a re-

porter for U.P.I. and as an ad salesman for *Philadelphia* magazine before entering the University of Texas law school in 1969. "Texas had become sophisticated," he says, "but the state's press was still back in 1946." So, with a newly won law degree and a grubstake from his father, Levy rented space in a dingy office building next to a false teeth factory in Austin and found Bill Broyles, an ex-Marine who was then an assistant to the Houston school superintendent. Like virtually everyone else Levy hired, Broyles was under 30 and almost innocent of journalistic experience. That was no handicap. After its first year, *Texas Monthly* won a National Magazine Award for specialized journalism, the first time the magazine industry's Oscar has gone to a newcomer.

Today, *Texas Monthly* has a staff of 50, plush offices on the 16th floor of an Austin bank building, and a \$700,000 editorial budget—17.5% of the magazine's total expected revenues, v. an average of less than 11% at leading U.S. monthlies. Though staff members struck last summer after a Levy memo urged caution in writing about advertisers, the Texas kids are generally happy to be there. Says Senior Editor Richard West: "What could be better than writing about the land where you grew up?"

The Entertainers. *TM* is not every Texan's cup of tequila. Houston Department Store Merchant Robert Sakowitz canceled his monthly full-page ad over an article that he thought unfairly critical of Brother-in-Law Oscar S. Wyatt Jr., chairman of the troubled Coastal States Gas Corp. Other readers find the magazine too taken with the bizarre majesty of Texas, its people and folkways, to be earnestly reformist. "You'll never find anything dull in *Texas Monthly*," sniffs Kaye Northcott, editor of the populist *Texas Observer*. "But, there are an amazing number of important stories that can't be just glossed over." Bill Broyles, in defense, does not think it sinful to stress readability. "We're after irreverent, tough journalism, but the magazine must never lose its sense of humor," says he. "We're in the entertainment business."

A Home-Grown Elegance



SUMPTUOUS DISHES IN NEW ORLEANS

If you like dishes made out of a piece of lettuce and ground up peanuts and a maraschino cherry and marshmallow whip and a banana
You will not get them in Savannah.
But if you seek something headier than nectar and tastier than ambrosia and more palatable than manna,
Set your teeth, I beg you, in one of these spécialités de Savannah.
Everybody has the right to think whose food is the most gorgeous.
And I nominate Georgia's.

—Ogden Nash

Southern cookery has inspired more verification, disputation and calumination than gin, politics or pulchritude. Senior Writer Michael Demarest, a deep-fry gourmet of the Ogden Nash School, reports.

Southerners quite possibly devote more time to the preparation and consumption of breakfast, lunch and dinner than any other society since Augustan Rome. Drawing from the world's



CUSTOMERS SAMPLE FARE DURING LUNCH HOUR AT RESTAURANT IN ATLANTA. Worth the price of a ticket to Marseille or Milan.

most abundant living larder, from the fish and flesh, fruit, root and leaf on their doorsteps and jetties, they have codified a cuisine that, for variety and piquancy, ranks with anything served in Florence or Provence. Southern cooking is essentially regional, indigenous and inventive, a long frypan throw from the elegantly stylized *haute cuisine* of Paris or Rome. To the educated palate a Southern meal, at its diverse best, is worth the price of a ticket to Marseille or Milan.

Cooking by Ear. Southern cuisine arrived by ship or afoot from many climes. Slaves came from Africa bearing benne (sesame seed), okra, yams and remembered formulas that were to become the masterworks of Southern cuisine. Frenchmen marched ashore to reincarnate such classic dishes as *bouillabaisse*, which is a culinary cousin of gumbo, a permissive potpourri that can include chicken, turkey, ham, crab, oyster, shrimp or anything else on hand. While New Englanders learned—belatedly—to raise beef and sheep, Southerners derived sustenance from the wild game and pigs and chickens that were raised almost as members of the family.

From its rivers, lakes and offshore waters, Southerners have developed a piscine cuisine of staggering diversity. Snapper and pompano are the aristocrats of fishdom. The Gulf Coast's pearly shrimp, eaten raw or smothered in the fiery remoulade sauce of a New Orleans restaurant, are as memorable as Proustian *madeleines*. No other cuisine in the world has so amply shared or shared

a dish like Southern crawfish bisque. Inland, Southern hams and bacons are unrivaled in the Western world.

Any list of the world's great foods would have to include such Southern elegances as she-crab soup, terrapin stew, jambalaya, black-bottom pie, gumbo or pompano *en papillote*.

Southern cuisine is an imprecise, *ad hoc* art that relies largely on instinct (a little of this, a little of that), memory (Mama said "Salt later") and the availability of ingredients (okra, salad greens, fresh shrimp). It is further complicated by the fact that many great Southern cooks have traditionally been black women who spurned the written word or, for that matter, any kind of regulation. The celebrated Mme. Bouigny, one of the last *grandes dames* of New Orleans society, had a Haitian cook who seasoned her gumbo with a voodoo prayer. "Getting directions from colored cooks," Harriet Ross Colquitt wrote in *The Savannah Cookbook*, "is rather like trying to write down the music to the spirituals which they sing—for all good oldtimers (and newtimers too) cook 'by ear'."

Lak Religion. As a consequence, there are few definitive Southern cookbooks. Most of the classic recipes (or receipts, as they are sometimes called in the South) are passed down in the spidery handwriting of ancestresses or in the slim, prim, printed compendiums that are still put out by local ladies that are raised funds for church or charity. They are worth their weight in saffron. Sarah

Rutledge's *The Carolina Housewife*, published in 1874, is an incomparable guide to Southern cuisine that is available today only in underground Xerox print.

Where Northerners grill, broil and boil, Southerners barbecue and fry and bake. No delicacies are more prized for lunch, breakfast or supper than Southern breads—spoon bread, crackling bread, corn bread, beaten biscuits or any other combination of corn meal and love. Hominy grits, served with eggs at breakfast or within any other meal are a guarantor of beauty, nutrition and happy days, you-all. In all the world there are no desserts more elegant than key lime pie, black bottom pie, pecan pie and fresh Georgia peach ice cream. Or, to wash it down, the pungent coffee of New Orleans or its famed, flamed cognac-laced consort, *café brûlot*.

Southern fried chicken can be prepared in endless ways; at its best it has a fine and crispy crust and is cooked so that inside it is moist to the bone. For chicken, ham, breads, jams or jellies there is no strict rule or regulation:

*'Cause cookin' lak religion is
Some's 'lected and some ain't.
An' rules don' no mo' mek a cook
Den sermons make a mount.*

One of the most beguiling—and authoritative—books on the subject is *The Taste of Country Cooking* (Knopf), by Edna Lewis, a black gourmande of some 50 years, whose recipes are marinated in memory and deep-fried in philosophy. If there is a single definitive guide to Southern cookery, it is *American Cooking: Southern Style* (TIME-Life Books), by Eugene Walter. It is often quoted by gourmets steeped in Southern lore and virtuosos.

In few places in the world are the principles and formulas of food and drink so passionately disputed as they are in the South. Though the basic cuisine has remained virtually unchanged for two centuries, its exponents argue loudly and stubbornly over the proper methods of its preparations. New Yorker George Lang, a famed international restaurateur and culinary scholar, lists 28 distinct and acceptable methods of making Southern fried chicken. A mint julep may seem a simple thing to prepare, but arguments rage hotly (usually after two of them) that the mint should be a) mashed, or b) lightly bruised, or c) inserted in the chilled silver mug as a virginal sprig *intacta*.

Good food and drink and entertainment are dearer and closer to life in the South than almost anywhere else. Thomas Jefferson, the most elegant American cultivator of foreign customs, brought back from Paris many great and glorious recipes that inspired good cookery in every section of this blessed and food-loving land. The legacy survives. So does the disputation. So does the food.

Michael Demarest

THE SOUTH/THEATER

Texas Triple Play

American regional theater has acquired everything that Ford Foundation money could buy. Marvelously designed new playhouses in charming settings. The best of British directors. The most reputable of Broadway actors. Everything, that is, except an honest-to-God native playwright.

Now, at last, the repertory theater network has its white hope: Preston Jones, 40, author within three years of three new plays as indigenous as hominy grits. *Lu Ann Hampton Lavery Oberlander*, *The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia* and *The Oldest Living Graduate*—known collectively as *A Texas Trilogy*—were brought to public attention on a typically Texan scale. Two New Year's Eves ago, Dallas Theater Center patrons experienced a triple-play production of all-night Jones that began at 7 p.m. and lasted through 2 a.m. Since then, Jones' trilogy setting, the mythical West Texas town of Bradleyville (pop. 6,000), has been put on the map all over the regional theater circuit. This spring *Trilogy* made the big time at the Kennedy Center, where it entranced Washington audiences for 16 weeks. Indeed, this Southern export traveled so well that Producer Robert Whitehead this week is bringing *Trilogy* to that island where regional theater always goes when it succeeds: Manhattan.

Not the least part of this drama within American drama involves Jones

himself. In his Levi's jacket and open-necked shirt, standing 6 ft. 3 in. even without his stetson, Jones seems to have sprung from a Marlboro ad. In fact this quintessential Texan—moving slowly, talking slowly, even smiling slowly—was born in Albuquerque. From 13 on, he worked as a janitor, a cattle weigher, a powderman in a Colorado mine, a highway surveyor, a truck driver, a uranium prospector.

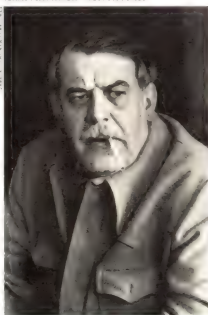
Repertory Gamut. For the past 16 years, however, he has managed to confine his energies to the Dallas Theater Center, where he has served as stagehand, ticket taker, director and actor, running the repertory gamut from *Julius Caesar*—he played Brutus—to *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Jones likes to claim that he turned to writing only when the Theater Center recruited more and more workers, leaving less and less for him to do. *A Texas Trilogy* was composed mostly after theater hours.

Now, after a lifetime's apprenticeship in obscurity, Jones has suddenly found himself beset by fame. "This has been a weird year," he says, and the coming year will be even weirder as he develops, willy-nilly, into the latest candidate for great American playwright.

Is he being overrated to meet a demand? Is he just one more case of '70s audiences confusing their own nostalgia with an artist's talent? Or "has Texas spawned a new O'Neill?" as a cover of

TEXAS PLAYWRIGHT PRESTON JONES



SCENE FROM LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER



THE THEATER

the *Saturday Review* breathlessly asked

In this undisciplined enthusiasm, Jones has also been mentioned in the same breath with Tennessee Williams and William Inge, whose early plays found first production more than 20 years ago at the Dallas Theater Center. Jones himself suggests other comparisons. While playing the stage manager in *Our Town*, he confesses he sensed an ambition to become West Texas' Thornton Wilder.

The Inge of, say, *Picnic* may be the level at which Jones hits at present. Like Inge, he has a paradoxically lyrical feeling for ordinariness—for hopes and disappointments on the banal scale of "a small frame house in a small framed town."

In *Trilogy*, the moral polarities of Bradleyville are defined in all their loneliness by Southern Baptists and Red Groove's bar. Lust exercises itself on Saturday nights in dusty pickup trucks at drive-ins, and pays for itself in house trailers. The cycle of life is dramatized by Lu Ann, cheerleader at 17, beautician at 27, "howdy wagon" hostess at 37. For the Bradleyville young who go away and come back, the big news 20 years later is, "The Dairy Queen put in a new parking lot." As for social vision, Bradleyville sees little beyond the stigmatic pathos of the Knights of the White Magnolia, a secret order that makes the Ku Klux Klan seem left-wing.

Future Lack. "I don't write about now," Jones confesses. "I write about yesterday." The characters in *A Texas Trilogy* look back as compulsively as the author—to their youth, to World War II, or even World War I. They seem doomed to speak and think in the past tense. The dimension they lack is the future.

Here is the flat art of realism matched to the flatness of small-town American life, a genre as old as *Winesburg, Ohio* and *Main Street*. What then makes Jones' lives under glass more than mementos in a Texas museum? For one thing, sheer theatricality. Jones is a master of timing. He knows just when to end a scene, and exactly how much sentimentality to balance against exactly how much humor. Above all, he has an ear for dialogue. The flavor of *A Texas Trilogy* is finally the flavor of its speech—the drawing, lip-smacking pleasure of one drinker saying of another, "Hell, Skip wouldn't pass up a drink if he had to squeeze it out of an armadillo's ass."

Whether Jones, now revising his fourth play, *A Place on the Maydalen Flats*, has the depth to extend an attitude of compassion into a vision of tragedy remains to be seen. For now, he can write a superior version of the sort of modern folklore that makes Bobbie Gentry ballads. He has perfected a form of theater that plays like country-and-western without the music. This is no small achievement. In the present state of the American theater, it may even be enough.



GIRLS WADING IN NORTH CAROLINA'S NEW RIVER; SCENIC SECTION (INSET)

THE SOUTH/ENVIRONMENT

Saving the New

Southerners, always close to their land, have already seen much of its scenic beauty and natural resources destroyed by increasing industrialization and, in some cases, simple carelessness. But now North Carolinians have won a battle to keep yet another piece of their environment from being despoiled. For more than a decade the people of the state's Ashe and Alleghany counties have been contesting the efforts of the giant American Electric Power Co. to build a pair of dams that would turn the New River's spectacular upper reaches into a great, muddy lake. Their fight ended in victory when the President signed into law a bill taking the New into a national scenic river system. The measure does more than preserve the river and deal a precedent-setting setback to the power industry; it also safeguards a centuries-old way of life.

National Treasure. The battle over the New River began 14 years ago when A.E.P.'s subsidiary, Appalachian Power Co., obtained a license from the Federal Power Commission to build two dams at Independence and Galax, Va., for a "pumped-storage" project in which water run through turbines in the upper dam would be retained in the reservoir formed by the lower dam and then pumped back. The objective of the so-called Blue Ridge Project was to increase Appalachian's already enormous generating capacity by a significant

10%, providing more peak-load power for customers in Ohio.

The dams would also have destroyed a national treasure—geologists believe that the river was formed at least 100 million years ago and is perhaps older than the Nile. Certainly the New was already flowing when the movement of the continental plates thrust up the Appalachian Mountains, which are no youngsters as mountains go. While most Eastern rivers flow south and east and empty into the Atlantic, the New meanders north, cuts through the mountains and empties into the Ohio and Mississippi drainages. For centuries, in fact, it served as a highway for early Americans seeking to travel from East to West. Stone axes, arrowheads and other artifacts found along its banks have been dated back at least 8,000 years before the birth of Christ.

The river was not all that would have been destroyed by the dams. Creation of the huge lake would have inundated some 50,000 acres, most of which was prime agricultural land, and left another 50,000 acres all but useless. The lake's waters would have submerged more than 900 homes, trailers and cabins, drowned 600 farms, five post offices, 15 churches and twelve cemeteries. It would also have driven nearly 3,000 mountain people, most of them independent farmers, from lands settled by their ancestors before the Revolution.

A few mountaineers figured that it

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Even those who can afford life's luxuries must occasionally carry them home. A fact apparently of minor concern to practically every prestige car maker in the world. They've shown a dramatic lack of interest in station wagons.

The Volvo 265 overcomes this oversight. It can be likened to a limousine with the world's largest trunk. But unlike most limousine drivers, the Volvo chauffeur gets more consideration than his cargo.

The front seat cushions raise, lower and tilt. The seat backs recline. The area at the small of your back adjusts from "soft" to "firm."

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Quite naturally, a car this generously endowed does not come cheap. But when you think about it, Volvo does offer extra incentives for paying the price.

All the things we've put into the Volvo 265. And all the things you'll be able to.



VOLVO 265
The car for people who think.

Some people say we must reach "zero" pollution.

But at what cost? And how fast?

At Bethlehem Steel, we work hard—every day—to control pollution. But the cost is high. We've already spent approximately \$400 million to clean up a major portion of the pollutants from the air and water we use. We consider this money well spent.

\$600 million more

In an effort to meet existing pollution control laws and regulations, we have many more projects under way or anticipated in the near future. These projects are expected to cost us some \$600 million over the next five years.

Where does that leave us?

Depending upon how far regulatory agencies go in stringent interpretation of the present laws and regulations, we may be faced with spending hundreds of millions more to try to

remove the last traces of pollution. We do not think that this would be money well spent.

Attempting to remove the last increment of pollution involves new and uncertain technology. The attempt will consume a considerable amount of scarce energy and natural resources. And, in many cases, it will merely transfer pollution problems to the power companies or chemical manufacturers.

Is it time for a rearrangement of priorities?

We are faced as a nation with troublesome alternatives. Do we

continue our headlong rush to implement some of the air and water clean-up standards that have yet to be proved necessary—or even sound—or shall we give equal consideration to jobs, our energy requirements, capital needs, and other demands for social priorities?

We believe the national interest now requires that we face up to the dual necessity of preserving our environment while at the same time assuring our economic progress.

Our booklet, "Steelmaking and the Environment," tells more about the problems of pollution and what we're doing to help solve them. For a free copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476-T, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem 

ENVIRONMENT

was futile to oppose the power company and sold their lands, often receiving a fraction of what they were worth. But the rest decided to fight. "This is my home," said Sidney Sturgill, 51, a muscular World War II veteran who is the seventh in his family line to farm the rolling acreage just outside the tiny community of Piney Creek, N.C. "My ancestors got title to this land for fighting in the Battle of Kings Mountain. My people have been in this valley for more than 200 years, and my go-back-four-times great-grandfather's buried right here."

Sturgill had plenty of allies. A grass-roots movement by the farmers, shopkeepers and craftsmen of the two counties enlisted the support of the influential Izaak Walton League of America and won the backing of North Carolina officials right up to the state house. The general assembly voted unanimously to incorporate the 26-mile stretch of the New River in Ashe and Alleghany counties into the state's scenic river system and turn it into a park. Secretary of the Interior Thomas Kleppe agreed to take the same section into the eight-year-old National Wild and Scenic Rivers System, which also includes streams like Georgia's spectacular Chattooga, the setting for James Dickey's novel *Deliverance*. North Carolina's Sam Ervin lent the campaign his Old Testament eloquence. "Let us not dam the New River," he said. "I use the word dam in the sense of ruining the New River from now until the last notes of Gabriel's horn tremble into silence, because we cannot use the New River after it has been dammed."

Formidable Alliance. Earlier this summer it seemed as if even this formidable alliance might be inadequate. When the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that the dam builders' FPC license should prevail over any action by Kleppe, friends of the New River won Senate and House approval of a bill to annul the license. Their effort was frustrated when the House Rules Committee responded to power-company pressure by requiring a two-thirds vote on any license-lifting legislation.

But persistence finally paid off late this summer. Impressed by the fervor of the New's defenders, the House voted 311 to 73 to uphold Kleppe's decision. The Senate concurred.

The defeat of the dam builders helps assure the continued existence of one of the free-flowing or undammed rivers left in the East and preserves the almost unlimited recreational opportunities it provides for campers and canoeists. It also helps to preserve a way of life that is well worth saving. North Carolina's mountaineers know that they could make more money by abandoning their farms and moving to the cities, but most prefer to stay where they are. "I don't need a new job," says Sturgill, gesturing toward his well-tended corn and tobacco fields. "My job here started 200 years ago."

Ecological Exotica

The land of cotton, Spanish moss and magnolias has other distinctive and less felicitous flora—and fauna—that can all but grab the unwary. Some examples that would catch a Yankee's eye:

KUDZU. Imported from the Orient for use as an ornamental vine, kudzu has a wisteria-like purple bloom and a smell similar to that of grape soda. It also grows at a phenomenal rate; in rural areas, naughty children are warned that they will be thrown into the kudzu patch and quickly swallowed up. The threat is not entirely unrealistic. Kudzu grows so fast that it can cover an abandoned car in a few weeks, completely overgrow an empty house in the course of a summer, and keep highway crews busy trying to clear roads. It can even cause communications problems. In Columbia, S.C., last month, a fast-climbing kudzu shorted out a transformer and cut off power for a while.

WALKING CATFISH. Introduced into Florida from Southeast Asia, walking catfish have become a major nuisance in the Sunshine State. They have taken over many lakes and ponds, devouring more desirable species, and when they need more food, they move on—overland. They are often seen "walking" across highways and lawns, using their stubby fins to propel themselves from one pond or canal to another. They have defied all efforts to exterminate them; their northern advance is stopped only by freezing temperatures.

FIRE ANTS. All kinds of bugs thrive in the warm, humid climate prevalent in much of the South. But none have achieved more notoriety than the fire ant, a South American invader that gained a beachhead in New Orleans in 1918 and has since advanced through nine Southern states. The ants, as their name implies, have searing bites that can kill small animals and raise painful blisters on humans. Farm workers often refuse to enter fields infested with fire ant mounds, which often rise two or three feet above the ground and are sturdy enough to stop a tractor.

WATER HYACINTHS. Introduced into New Orleans from Venezuela a century ago, these floating, flowering plants have spread to many Southern states. In some areas, they have clogged shallow rivers and lakes and killed fish by extracting oxygen from the water. They have even drowned a few humans who have become entangled in their island-like mats of vegetation.

MANATEES. Native to Florida, South America and the Caribbean, the manatee (or sea cow) was once regarded as the answer to the water hyacinths: each was believed to consume as much as 100 lbs. of the hyacinths a day. But placed in weed-clogged waters, the man-

atee ate its way through a mere 40 lbs. of the damnable plant daily. The hulking, hairless creatures, who may have helped inspire the mermaid legend (their mammarys faintly resemble those of a woman), also find it difficult to co-exist with power boats. University of Miami biologists report that about 20% of all manatees found dead each year are crushed by barges or chewed up by boat propellers.

ALLIGATORS. Valued by shoe and handbag manufacturers, the American alligator seemed headed for extinction when it was placed on the federal endangered-species list a decade ago. Since then, largely protected from humans, the reptiles are making a comeback with a vengeance. Their numbers, estimated at only 52,000 in 1970, now exceed 600,000. Alligators have invaded populated areas, leading to worries that they may attack humans. "It's people, not alligators, that are becoming an endangered species in some Louisiana parishes," says a wildlife official. His fears seem well founded. Golfers at New Orleans Bayou Barriere Golf Club have become somewhat timid since club members found and killed a 5-ft. gator near the 14th fairway. A Metairie, La., family called off an afternoon swim when they found a four-footer in their backyard pool. In Alabama last month a 13-ft. gator glided up to a 30-lb. beagle and swallowed it in one gulp.

KUDZU OVERGROWING TREE NEAR ATLANTA



THE BOOM

Surging to Prosperity

The pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. ... The iron in the shovel that dug his grave was imported from Pittsburgh. ... They buried him in a New York coat and a Boston pair of shoes and a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati. The South didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground.

That lament by Journalist Henry Grady summed up the glaring lack of industrial development in the South in 1889. For almost a century after the Civil War, the economy of the old Confederacy seemed suspended in a bygone age of mostly small- to medium-size farms, sleepy businesses, graciously slow-paced cities, limited educational and financial opportunities and, for a large segment of the population, hard-scrabble poverty. Today, after decades of growth, the South is in the midst of an epic transformation into a diversified modern economy, with a mix of manufacturing and services, industry financed from the North or overseas, and home-grown businesses. Some samples:

► Sperry Rand will begin production in January of electronic components at a \$6 million plant now going up on 80 acres near St. Petersburg, Fla. The operation will employ 1,000 people at first, ultimately perhaps 2,000.

► Volvo of Sweden, after scouting the U.S. for an assembly-plant site, chose Chesapeake, Va. The company will spend \$150 million to build a factory that is scheduled to open in March 1977. Potential employment: 3,500.

► Michelin, the French tiremaker, may eventually pump \$1.5 billion into plants in South Carolina. The company has already sunk \$300 million into three new factories. One that is being built in Spartanburg may well employ 1,200 people by 1978.

► Northern Telecom Ltd. of Montreal, second in North America only to Western Electric in the manufacture of telecommunications equipment, has located three new plants in the South since 1974. To bring bosses where the workers are, the company in May moved its U.S. subsidiary headquarters from Waltham, Mass., to Nashville.

► McDonald & Little started in 1969 in Atlanta as a three-member (two principals and a secretary) advertising agency. As late as 1973 its billings were \$6.3 million; this year they are expected to hit \$30 million. In 1975 the agency picked up three Clio's, the advertising equivalents of Hollywood Oscars. Last week it swiped Coca-Cola's national

Fresca account from New York-based Interpublic.

► Munford, Inc., which has its headquarters in Atlanta, expects to ring up sales as high as \$350 million this year, v. \$273 million last year. The company operates two chains of stores: the 1,400 MAJIK "convenience" stores (open late into the night) and 90 World Bazaar stores selling imported goods. Even so, Munford ranks behind two other Southern-based firms in both major areas of its business. The biggest convenience-store chain is Southland (the 7-Eleven stores) based in Dallas, the biggest import chain is Pier 1 with head offices in Fort Worth.

These are not isolated examples. According to Economist Albert Niemi of the University of Georgia, between 1950 and 1975, the rate of economic expansion in the South averaged 4.4% annually, v. 3.4% for the U.S. as a whole. The main thrust at first came from an increase in manufacturing. Since 1970, however, service industries, such as banking, real estate and retail trade, have been the fastest growing. They now provide the region with 54% of its gross product, up from 44% in 1950.

Agriculture, on the other hand, has declined in importance. In 1960 it accounted for 6.2% of the area's output of goods and services; now it is down to 2.8%. Unable to compete with large farms, many small growers have been driven off the land. Between 1940 and 1970, the number of farms in the region was halved, to 1.1 million. Abandoned farmhouses—porches fallen in, chimneys hidden by vines, bushes protruding from windows—are a not uncommon sight.

But even in agriculture there are now signs of a revival. As farms become larger and more efficient, agricultural experts expect the South's contribution toward meeting U.S. food demand to grow faster than the rest of the nation's. Cotton has declined in importance as a cash crop, but the slack has been taken up by other products: citrus fruit in Florida, sugar cane and rice in Louisiana. Southern soybean harvests are expected to account for 30% of the U.S. production in 1985, up from 27% in 1970. By 1985 Southern livestock farms will be producing nearly a third of all U.S. beef cattle.

Still, as Southerners well know, the region's economic future lies in manufacturing and services. Change was discernible as far back as World War II, but the South's surge toward industrialization did not become dramatically appar-

ent until the mid-'60s. About that time a growing number of Northern manufacturers started building plants there to serve the huge buildup of relatively well-off consumers moving into Florida. From 1970 to 1975, every industry except mining showed a faster growth rate in the South than nationally.

The most impressive aspect of this rapid industrialization is its variety. Huge textile mills and wood-products plants have long played a key role in the development of the region, and they still do. But recently a host of newcomers, including many well-known corporate giants and some leading foreign firms, have set up shop below the Mason-Dixon line. General Tire built a major tiremaking facility in Charlotte. N.C. Allis-Chalmers moved an electronic-components factory into the New Orleans area. The world's biggest zipper maker, Japanese-owned Y.K.K., has given the Macon, Ga., economy a lift by building its first U.S.-based integrated assembly plant there.

For all its gains, the South still has a long way to go to catch up with the rest of the nation (see charts). Says Donald Ratajczak, director of Georgia State University's Economic Forecasting Project: "We are probably experiencing now what the great metropolitan areas of the North did in the 1920s. But the important thing is that we now have enough industrial resources to generate our own growth instead of needing outside stimulus to get going."

The rise of the industrial South has been dependent on several key factors. Federal tax and spending policies,

PINE-LOG MOUNTAINS FEEDING CONTAINER.





STEEL STRIP PLANT IN ALABAMA

which generally favor less-developed areas, have persistently drained wealth from the Northeast and Midwest and diverted it to the Southern states. A recent study by the *National Journal*, an independent publication that analyzes federal policies, found that in fiscal 1975 the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania received \$10 billion less from various Government spending programs than they paid out in taxes. The eleven states of the old Confederacy came out \$8.7 billion ahead.

Equally important are the vigorous efforts by Southern states to lure businessmen fed up with high taxes, physical decay and demanding unions in the old urban centers of the North. Georgia, for example, working with information supplied by its Chamber of Commerce, zeroes in on "suspect companies," which are feeling the pain of ever deeper tax bites in the North. Once a year about 35 executives are given a lavish "red carpet" tour of the state. Each

to state. Georgia's gains are particularly impressive. Because of its unhurried tempo and central location, Atlanta, in the past six years, has helped to lure corporate or regional headquarters of 55 companies to the state.

The Carolinas, which have long been major textile centers, are also attracting diverse foreign firms. West German companies, led by Hoechst, the chemical giant, have more invested in South Carolina than anywhere else outside of Germany itself. Tennessee's Nashville, along with its multimillion-dollar country-music industry, is fast becoming a mecca for financial services.

Progress always exacts a price. As is often the case in areas of rapid economic development, prices in the South last year rose a trifle faster than the national average, though they are still at a lower level than in the North. The switch from agriculture to industry has also made the region more sensitive to the twists and turns of the national econ-

Growing Fast... But Still Behind



TIME Chart: The Chartmakers, Inc.

	1960	1970	1975
1 GROSS REGIONAL PRODUCT* (billions of 1972 dollars)	\$133.6	\$220.2	\$263.9
2 INDUSTRIAL OUTPUT* (billions of 1972 dollars)	\$ 25.8	\$ 51.8	\$ 54.0
3 AGRICULTURAL OUTPUT* (billions of 1972 dollars)	\$ 8.3	\$ 8.7	\$ 7.4
4 SERVICE INDUSTRY OUTPUT (billions of 1972 dollars)	\$ 65.1	\$109.6	\$143.6
5 PERSONAL INCOME PER CAPITA (in thousands)	\$1,707	\$3,369	\$5,198
6 AVERAGE HOURLY MANUFACTURING WAGES	10.964	15.982	18.786
7 AVERAGE HOURLY MANUFACTURING WAGES	\$ 1.79	\$ 2.76	\$ 3.98

*Source: Robert W. Noyes, Jr., University of Georgia.

*Includes wholesale and retail trade, finance, insurance and real estate, transportation, communications, utilities and other services.

	1975	National Average
1 PER CAPITA OUTPUT (1972 dollars)	\$4,815	\$5,592
2 PERSONAL INCOME PER CAPITA	\$5,198	\$5,902
3 AVERAGE HOURLY MANUFACTURING WAGE	\$ 3.98	\$ 4.81
4 UNEMPLOYMENT RATE	8.5%	8.5%
5 INFLATION RATE ²	7.1%	7.0%
6 CONSUMER PRICE INDEX (1967=100)	163.7	161.2

²December, 1974 to December, 1975.

BOARD FACTORY ON FLORIDA'S GULF COAST



tour brings an average of \$50 million in capital investment and 1,000 new jobs.

Businessmen and workers are attracted to the South by its often gracious life-style, unspoiled surroundings and relatively abundant raw materials, including lightly taxed rural land. Moreover, since many of the nation's oil and natural-gas wells gush in Texas and Louisiana, energy in much of the South is less costly than in the North.

Willing Workers. The strongest draw is the region's willing workers, who, in general, still respect authority, and, out of fear or conviction, are loath to join unions (see story on page 75). Says Yardley President William Hunt, who moved the cosmetic firm's headquarters from New Jersey to Atlanta in July: "Our employees here seem genuinely glad to have a job."

The character and pace of the South's development varies from state

to state. The recent recession, which had a devastating impact on two of the region's main industries, textiles and construction, caused more suffering in the South than elsewhere. During 1975 total employment in the South fell 2 1/2%, or 9% for the country.

The region is now well on the way to full recovery. Says Economist Rajczak: "Next year half of the states in the South will have exceeded the 1974 peak in payroll employment from manufacturing, whereas most of the other states in the U.S. will still be behind." Despite worry that the sweeping development of the region could eventually hurt the environment and the South's unhurried style of living, the mood is optimistic. The feeling is that whatever problems the future holds, the region is finally moving out of the shadow of the North and into a bright new era of unparalleled prosperity.

The Nonstop Texas Gusher

The outsider pictures the Texas economy as a montage of oil wells gushing instant wealth, horizon-to-horizon cattle roaming the King Ranch, self-made millionaires stomping about in stetsons, ready to take a shot at anything that promises a profit. The surprising fact is that so much of this view is essentially true—although the real business mosaic of Texas is of course vastly more complicated. The Texas economy is a thing unto itself, almost self-sustaining, ever on the move. Today, for example, Texas is expanding production of drilling equipment faster than output of oil itself. Besides its oil tycoons and cattle barons, the overnight millionaires now include such men as Jerry Argovitz, who started as a dentist, offered investment and financial advice to doctors and professionals, and made enough money to retire from dentistry three years ago at age 35.

The economy of Texas began dis-

tinguishing itself from the rest of the South at 10:30 a.m. Jan. 10, 1901. That was when oil was struck at Spindletop, near Beaumont. The find launched Texas into a growth era that has never really ebbed. This year Texas is expected to produce \$81 billion worth of goods and services, greater than the entire national output of Australia.

Thanks mostly to oil, Texas was the state where the 1974-75 recession never happened. Though production of oil and gas from the state's 200,000 wells is tapering off, prices have risen so dramatically that the lower volumes produce far higher revenues. Texas actually increased its manufacturing work force, as factories turned out drilling equipment and supplies to assist the worldwide search for oil. The state's unemployment rate is now less than 6%, almost 8% for the U.S. And Texas' industrial capacity is growing fast. Three major refineries and a score of chemical plants were built last year; a fourth refinery and five more chemical factories are going up now.

Nonfarm income in Texas is about 13 times greater than farm income, but agriculture plays an important role

for the state's 12.2 million people, who are spread over 171 million acres. Besides leading in cattle production, Texas outpaces all other states in lambs, goats, grain sorghum, cotton, watermelons, cabbage and spinach. It also vies with Louisiana as the biggest U.S. rice grower.

Texas' economic bustle has paid off where it counts most—in paychecks. Per capita personal income grew 10.3% last year, to \$5,631. That was \$647 above the Southern average, though still \$271 below the national figure. But Texans contend that their dollars go further. They do not pay a state income tax, and housing costs are low.

Not all of Texas is booming. One example: employment at the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center near Houston is down to 3,722 from its 1967 peak of 5,064. But the old Texas exuberance is as bubbly as ever. Says Houston Developer Gerald Hines, 51, who came to Texas from Gary, Ind., in 1948 and has built projects valued at half a billion dollars: "I think I could have made it in the North, but what might take a person with the right ideas 30 years to do up there, he might do in ten years here."

PERSONALITIES

Those Brash New Tycoons

Traditionally, the South's business elite has been composed of people who made fortunes developing the region's natural resources: land, textiles, lumber, oil. They formed a closed clique that exercised great financial and political power. Today all that is changing. New business opportunities are cropping up as fast as, well, peanuts. There is a high demand for enterprise with a Southern accent, and to fill it, a brash new breed of entrepreneurs. Profiles of four:

FREEWHEELING J.B. For pleasure, Atlanta's J.B. (for John Brooks) Fuqua, 58, pores over corporate annual reports, seeking companies to acquire. His net worth of \$50 million proves that he chooses well. J.B. learned how early, he recalls, after deciding that "the foundation of my fortune had to be use of other people's money."

The son of a small tobacco farmer in Virginia, Fuqua could not afford to go to college, but he did read "books, books, books" on radio and finance. At age 21 he persuaded backers to start a new radio station in Augusta, Ga., for him to run. J.B. soon talked the owner of a bottling company into selling out for a share of future profits. Wheeling and dealing, he was able to buy his own radio station in 1949; by 1953 he had branched into TV. The profits allowed him to use his spare time to serve four terms in the Georgia legislature.

Fuqua returned to corporate trading in 1965. Wanting to buy a company with a listing on the New York Stock Exchange, he purchased a metal-plating firm, only to liquidate it—except for its controlling interest in Natco, a Pittsburgh-based tile manufacturing company. Natco was renamed Fuqua Industries and became the corporate base for J.B.'s expansion program. By 1968 he had acquired more broadcasting stations and companies in photofinishing, mobile homes, lawnmowers and trucking, which all together rang up sales of \$223 million. Next came a sewer-pipe company in 1970, but he sold it because the directors of the N.Y.S.E. did not like the fact that he owned most of the shares, leaving few in public hands. The sale netted J.B. \$16.5 million, which helped finance his entry into the coal, oil and natural gas and real estate businesses. Nor has Fuqua finished. "I'm always chasing companies, dreaming," he says, moving steadily onward toward his first \$100 million.

TOWBOAT JESSE. When Jesse Brent launched his career on the Mississippi in the late 1930s, riverboats accounted for just 2.5% of America's interstate freight. Now they carry 16%. Brent, a short, wiry man of 64, foresaw the boom and cashed in on it. His net worth stands at some \$10 million—enough, he says, to buy "all the whiskey and steaks I want," with plenty left

over for philanthropy in his home town of Greenville, Miss. The wealth comes mainly from Brent Towing Co., whose 48 barges and 13 towboats make it one of the largest privately owned towboat companies in the U.S.

"The river is in my craw," Jesse says. Even before he graduated from high school, he helped his father run two packets carrying supplies from Vicksburg to plantations on tributaries of the Yazoo River. When new roads brought heavy competition from trucks, Brent had to switch to piloting Government boats at age 18. Deciding that the job would not get him ahead, he joined with two partners to buy a towboat. The three made \$6,000 a month.

What Jesse wanted, though, was "a business that I could bring my sons into." He sold out of the partnership in 1956 and created Brent Towing to specialize in hauling oil, chemicals and other liquid cargoes. As river traffic picked up, Brent expanded the fleet and diversified the business to build, outfit and repair riverboats. Total revenues last year came to about \$15 million, or enough, says Jesse, for the company to "get propositioned like a streetwalker." He has turned down all takeover offers, and, indeed, often helps other towboat men get started. "C'mon in," Brent cheerfully tells competitors. "Over the long pull, things look good."

HUNGRY HERMAN. The philoso-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS



J.B. FUQUA ON ONE OF HIS PRODUCTS

phy of Herman Jerome Russell is not complicated: "I am just hungry to do as much with myself as opportunity will let me." If the desire is familiar, the result is not. Russell started life as the youngest of a plasterer's eight children in Atlanta's seamy black Summerhill slum. Now 46, he is one of Georgia's top construction men. His Russell & Co., the corporate umbrella for separate companies that erect and manage buildings, plus some outside ventures will gross \$150 million this year. He refuses to reveal his net worth, but a good guess might be \$10 million.

Russell showed his instinct for economic adventure at age 16, when he bought a piece of land for \$250 that he had earned working with his father. He built a two-family house on it; the rentals helped put him through Tuskegee Institute. After graduating in 1953, Russell returned to Atlanta. His big break came in the mid-1960s, when the city

about his stature (5 ft. 6 in.). But at 51, Danner has parlayed fast-food franchises into a personal fortune of \$25 million. From his headquarters in Nashville, Tenn., he runs 231 Shoney's Big Boy outlets in eleven states. He also owns the 19 Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises for central Kentucky and is starting new chains of his own. Most promising Captain D's restaurants, specializing in seafood. His companies will gross \$100 million this year.

The son of a Louisville paper hanger, Danner started working during high school as a machine-tool designer, became a clarinetist, next bought, with a partner, a grocery store in Louisville and, after selling the store, purchased a bowling alley, then a drive-in movie. Finally, in 1958 Danner seized the chance to buy the Nashville franchise for Shoney's Big Boy, a sort of Howard Johnson's featuring double hamburgers. His success with Big Boys led to another with Kentucky Fried Chicken By 1971, when Shoney's Southern franchisor wanted to sell, Danner was ready to buy.

"Time is our competitor," he tells employees. They must serve food fast—or else the customer eats free. A stickler for cleanliness, Danner also has been known to startle (and please) customers by publicly apologizing for any slovenliness that he finds in his eateries. Now, as state liquor laws are relaxed, he plans to build more restaurants (he already has five) that serve cocktails and—surprisingly, at least for him—leisurely meals

UNIONS

"You Gonna Get Fired"

Union Organizer Milford Allen stood for hours under a broiling sun one day early this month, handing "You Need a Union Card" leaflets to workers at the Barnesville, Ga., knitting mill of the William Carter Co., a Massachusetts-based manufacturer of children's clothing. "This union stuff is shit," snarled one worker as he threw his leaflet away. Said another: "I'd like it, but I can't take it. They'd lay me off." That night, at an organizing meeting that drew all of 24 union sympathizers (20 of them black), Allen in effect agreed. "This is a tough business," he warned. "Some of you gonna get fired."

Allen, 53, a stout, weathered native of Anderson, S.C., knows what he is talking about. In 15 years as an organizer, first for the Textile Workers Union of America, now for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, he has been beaten up by goon squads, harassed by police and blacklisted by scores of employers. More than once he has stared down the muzzle of a gun. He has felt the force of community as well as em-



HERMAN RUSSELL ON CONSTRUCTION SITE OF ATLANTA'S NEW SUBWAY SYSTEM

and federal governments expanded their financial aid programs for residential construction. Though Russell insists that his race did not win him any jobs, he always managed to get federal assistance on his projects. They include 2,800 apartments for people with low or moderate incomes, a 424-unit luxury development, and work on a complete new town called Shenandoah, 32 miles south of Atlanta—all of which are integrated. His companies also have had a hand in building office towers, a sports complex, and Atlanta's subway system.

Aspirant black businessmen now look to Russell for financial help and advice. Politicians, including Jimmy Carter, seek his backing. Nonetheless, he prefers to stay out of the limelight. "I'm a behind-the-scenes-type guy," he says. "That way, I can cuss out anybody; I can sign my own check."

RESTLESS RAY. As Ray Danner sees it, there are two reasons for his success: he started with nothing, and he is short. A thin, brown-haired version of Mickey Rooney, he could not do much



RAY DANNER AT FAST-FOOD EATERY

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ployer hostility. Says he: "I've been in campaigns where everyone's against me—the newspapers, the bankers, the politicians. I've been where the ministers near ran me out of town." The payoff only a handful of successful organizing drives, none in the past two years.

Such frustration is the rule for Southern unionists. All eleven states of the old Confederacy have right-to-work laws that allow employees to stay out of the union in organized plants; only nine non-Southern states do. A mere 14.1% of Southern non-farmworkers are members of unions, less than half the national average.

One reason for the unions' troubles, says Labor Economist F. Ray Marshall of the University of Texas, is that many Southern factories have been plunked down in what were once farming communities. Workers from rural backgrounds are less attuned to unionism than those in the industrial centers of the North. Racial tensions also play a role. As in Barnesville, black workers are often especially eager to sign union cards—and that puts off the whites. Then, too, many Southern workers, especially in Piedmont towns where the local textile mill is almost the only

source of employment, are so happy to have industrial jobs that they do not care about the fact that those jobs pay less than similar ones in the North. (Southern nonunion textile pay averages little more than the \$2.30-an-hour federal minimum wage.)

But the biggest reason for the lack of Southern unionism is fierce employer resistance, backed often by local public opinion. In much of the South, "community development" is something close to a religion. Bosses and community leaders alike fear that unions will scare off new industries that the town is trying to lure.

Potential Costs. Also, there is—at least according to bosses—a tradition of personal relationships in Southern industry that is not found in the North. Textile-mill supervisors in particular often grew up with their subordinates, went to the same schools and hail workers by their first names. Says Joe Lannier Jr., president of West Point Pepperell, Inc., a Georgia textile maker: "I frankly don't feel our folks see the need for a third party to represent them. We have no adversary relationship."

Even some employers who accept dealing with unions as a routine neces-

sity in Northern plants resist them in the South, where the lower cost of non-union workers offers the chance of higher profits. General Motors, for example, has recently opened six nonunion plants in the South and plans to open three more. At their Delco-Remy battery plant in Fitzgerald, Ga., workers earn \$4.16 an hour, or \$1.21 less than union members doing the same job for Delco-Remy in Muncie, Ind. Nonetheless, early this month they voted 184 to 71 against union representation. One reason: before the vote, GM sent each worker a letter speaking of the potential costs of a strike.

The unions keep trying. Currently, their biggest target is J.P. Stevens & Co., the nation's second largest textile firm. Two rival unions, Amalgamated Clothing Workers and Textile Workers Union of America, recently merged and, with AFL-CIO backing, plan soon to kick off a nationwide boycott of Stevens products. Whether that can be any more effective than the conventional organizing drive is moot. Says Nick Bonanno, southeast regional director of the I.L.G.W.U.: "We've got so far to go down here that my grandchildren will be organizing."

Clinging Fast to the Land



L.G. FRIX ON FARM IN TALBOTTON, GA.

Until 1970, L.G. Frix, now 49, acted out a familiar Southern story leaving the land. The son of a sharecropper, L.G. (his actual name) quit school in the fifth grade because he, along with his six brothers and three sisters, "had to work at home too much" on the farm just outside Atlanta. Eight years later, at 19, he struck out on his own, working first at a factory job, then in a chicken plant, then jobbing vegetables. But all the time, he says, "I still had that farming in my mind. It was like somethin' was botherin' me."

So six years ago, Frix used his \$5,000 savings account to make a down payment on 300 acres in Talbotton, Ga., about 90 miles south of Atlanta, planted his mobile home on the other earth and moved in with his wife Judy, then 23, and one small daughter. Since then, he has become an exemplar of another type of Southerner: the small farmer who clings to

the land even though he can barely scratch a living out of it. Frix's farm today has shrunk to about 100 acres ("We didn't have a choice: it was sell part or lose it all"); his family has grown to include a three-month-old son and four daughters, aged two to nine. He and his wife look ten years older than their calendar ages. "It wears on you," Judy murmurs.

The Frixes have planted 25 acres with 1,000 peach trees. L.G. and Judy pick most of the fruit themselves. "We ain't made but one real crop, though," says Frix. "Cold weather killed them." Another 20 acres have been planted to snap beans, butter beans, cucumbers and squash, but there have been problems with those crops too. "Like a month ago, I planted two acres of snap beans," he says. "They came up good. Then I go over there and found just one bean standing up. Deer was eatin' them up." The remaining 53 acres are wooded, and L.G. cannot afford to clear them for cultivation.

The Frixes sell nearly all their produce at a giant red, white and blue roadside farm stand that Frix built himself. But when few customers visit the stand, Frix piles the produce into his pickup truck and drives north to Atlanta's Farmers Market, sometimes sleeping in the truck for several nights until all the peaches and vegetables are sold. Last year his total sales came to \$16,100, out of which he netted a mere \$3,720. Outlays for sprays, seed and fertilizer ate up \$10,000, his two aging tractors cost another \$1,000 or so to run.

Judy economizes wherever she can. The family's grocery bill averages a mere \$25 a month. "We never buy meat," she explains. "I G. hunts deer, squirrels and wild rabbits. I make everything I can: butter, buttermilk, cream, preserves, catsup and applesauce. We have all the fresh vegetables we want."

Last June the poultry returns brought Frix to the point of leaving the land a second time. He advertised his farm for sale for \$75,000, found a buyer and shook hands on a deal. That very day, however, Judy was rushed to the hospital to give birth to their first son, Joshua. So, says Frix, "I called the man up and told him the deal was off. I told him we had a son and I wanted to see if Joshua wanted the farm."

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Eat 'Em Up, Get 'Em!

It is a September Saturday morning, and the tribes have begun to move. The interstate highways that lace the South start to clog up with a glut of cars, campers and \$25,000 motor homes complete with beds, baths, color TVs and banner-streaming antennas. Citizen's Band radios howl with rebel yells, chants and incantations: Eat 'em up, Dogs! Get 'em, Gators! Roll, Tide! The college football season has arrived. Everyone who could ferret out a ticket is going to The Game. Which The Game? It doesn't matter. The South is renewing its annual passion, and every game is The Game.

Fluttering Flags. Football in the South is a social event, fashion show and year-round centerpiece for bragging. Its rituals are as firmly fixed as the firmament on high. In Knoxville, Tenn., fans strip the supermarkets of their favorite fruit: orange is a school color, a half-time snack and something to throw at offending referees. When 60,000 University of Florida loyalists gather for a game, the world's largest beach party is under way, fueled by whisky and Gatorade. At the University of Georgia, wardrobes are planned for the slow stroll to seats behind the fabled hedges. Tiger Stadium in Baton Rouge, home of Louisiana State University, is a saucer-shaped bowl that amplifies every sound and helps screaming boosters live up to their reputation as football's noisiest fans. At Ole Miss, when the band plays Dixie, massed Confederate flags in the student section wave frenziedly on cue, a blur of fluttering bunting.

Students and alumni are often outnumbered in the stands by zealots whose sole link to college is football. Ralph ("Shug") Jordan, who retired in 1975 after 25 years as head coach at Auburn University, describes the "adopted" alumni: "It goes back to the Depression

down here, when most folks could not afford to go to college, but they could take pride in and link themselves to a Southern football team. So you would become known as an Auburn man or an Alabama man, and people would assume you went to school there. You bonded with a team, and it became part of you."

Nowhere is the bond more visible than in Tuscaloosa, home of the University of Alabama and Paul ("Bear") Bryant's mighty Crimson Tide. Bryant's teams have a record of 18 straight winning seasons, nine Southeastern Conference championships, including five in a row, three national rankings as No. 1, 17 trips to postseason bowls—and stunning defeats in their opening games for two straight seasons.

The spectacle of a Crimson Tide loss is so rare that it comes like death to Alabama fans. "I have seen grown men weep in the stands," says Band Director James Ferguson. After the 10-7 defeat by Ole Miss this year, the unbelieving victors chanted, first wondering, then exultantly, "We beat Bama!" as Tide fans walked silently out of the stadium. In the parking lot, there was time for a consoling drink before the long drive home. Coed Vicki Schneider sobbed uncontrollably for an hour after the game. Says she: "It was the next morning before I could accept the loss and regain my faith in the Tide."

Faith is one thing that Alabama has, and feeding it is a highly organized operation renowned not only for its success, but also its profitability. Bama football has paid for half of a \$4.9 million coliseum, an indoor pool, a \$1.1 million track complex and a prairie of varsity tennis courts. But these bonuses come after costs like \$175,000 a year in airfare to out-of-town games. Alabama football is a way of life—first class.

For the Bear's players, wearing the red jersey means being part of a tradition that reaches back to Don Hutson, Bart Starr, Lee Roy Jordan and Joe Namath. Says Defensive Back Andy Gothard: "Football at Alabama is earthly heaven." For the majority of students, the equation seems simple: by their football you shall know them. Cleo Thomas, Alabama's first black student-body president, says: "A national identity from football is all we have. If we had a losing season, we'd be nobody. We're gambling our pride and respect for the school on one thing—athletics." To participate in the quest for identity, students endure a struggle for out-of-town-game tickets that rivals a World Series. Lines form 20 hours before the ticket windows open. Patient under umbrellas, students will gladly wait out a long night and a lashing storm for the privilege of paying their \$3.

Game Fixture. The archetype of the Alabama fan—indeed of all football-seized Southerners—is Birmingham Hardware Distributor Tony Brandino, who never attended the university. Since 1954 he has made it to 239 Crimson Tide games in a row, traveling as far as California and forgoing, among other things, a free trip to Switzerland and the mourning period for his mother-in-law. Brandino recalls: "The first time I ever heard about football, I was nine years old and it was a radio broadcast of the 1925 Rose Bowl—Alabama v. Washington. I've been hooked since." Brandino and his crimson-and-white 28-ft. motor home are a fixture at Alabama games. Friends, former players, curious passers-by stop by for drinks as Superfan grills pregame steaks. Says Brandino: "Football is a passion around which we order our lives. We make friendships over football and we strain friendships. But mostly, football holds us together—especially when we beat one of those big Northern schools." On this year's schedule: Notre Dame. Roll, Tide!

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But every Sunday afternoon he
is a dirt track demon
In a '57 Chevrolet*

Carl Smart works in a furniture factory and "Stick" Elliott sells junk, but if their callings are prosaic, the men are not. They are fast rollers in the grand Southern tradition of dirt track racing: small-town versions of Rapid Roy. Up to 3,500 fans will converge on the Concord Speedway 15 miles northeast of Charlotte, N.C., on a balmy Saturday evening to watch these two "pedal-to-the-metal" drivers bump fenders as they scream around the track in their blazing fast, gloriously battered stock cars. Stick and Carl are masters of the "power slide," a dirt racing technique that requires each driver to gauge the velocity of his car against its distance from other vehicles while skidding laterally around a slick clay oval at 100 m.p.h.—up to four hurtling Chevys all fish-tailing in unison. For excitement, the power slide is a grand slam homer and game-winning touchdown wrapped into one. It is this kind of action and these kind of men that draw perhaps 500,000 Southerners on a weekend to some 100 small tracks operating week after week for nine months a year. The sport defies economic logic: A late-model sports car race might feature a dozen cars worth from \$12,000 to \$16,000 each flying flat out to win a first prize of \$700. At the smallest tracks, the purse can drop as low as \$75.

Says Blaine S. Grant, the 45-year-old owner of Sure Deal Motors in Bessemer City: "Racing's like whisky. Someone will spin me out against a wall and I'll get disgusted and quit. By next Tuesday I'll be looking to fix the car so we can race again Saturday."

Racing is the down home sport of North Carolina. The tapeworm roads that swing through the Piedmont hills seem designed for it, and until this decade they were used for exactly that by moonshiners. Almost every male over 14 shyly admits to a little informal dark-of-night racing experience. California teen-agers get high on laughing gas; their peers in North Carolina prefer the 150 h.p. bursts of acceleration that a bottle of nitrous oxide delivers when attached to a sedan's air filter.

This thunder road legacy manifests itself after work on Friday when cars

begin moving through the dusk toward Concord. Built in 1945, the half-mile dirt track has few amenities. Lighting is dim, spectators sit on concrete ledges. Yet Concord is a shrine. Junior Johnson, Tiny Lund and the illustrious Petty clan (Richard Petty, king of the stockers, won \$378,865 last year) began their racing careers here. Spectators expect the local boy they applaud to become tomorrow's NASCAR hero. Says Cabarrus County Sheriff's Deputy Stowe Cobb: "We're all participants because those boys out there are our own people."

Too Civilized. Concord's races attract a diverse crowd that includes one-gallon retirees, peroxide mountain mamas and lonely textile workers from the nearby Cannon Mills. A crude spectator pecking order exists among fans. Families that applaud Chevrolets won't socialize with friends of the Dodge boys. Mechanic Howard Sussman buys a \$4

DAVID DEVOSS



DIRT-TRACK RACER "STICK" ELLIOTT
Tapeworm roads and nitrous oxide.

ticket just to see the power slides. Says he: "My wife can't understand how I can fix cars all week and then spend the weekend watching them race."

North Carolina's addiction to dirt tracks is spreading. To avoid bankruptcy, the Myrtle Beach, S.C., raceway recently tore up its asphalt and went back to dirt; promoters up in Columbia are debating a similar move. After cutting the number of dirt tracks on its circuit to six, NASCAR now wants to add new ones.

The more dirt tracks the better because it is getting tougher practicing on public roads. "Things just went and got civilized on us," says Chuck Hefner, 25, who crisscrosses North Carolina servicing vending machines. "No matter how good you are, it's hard to outrun those two-way police radios."

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Drive Shaft	YES	NO	NO	NO	Trip Interruption Program	YES	NO	NO	NO
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A Born-Again Faith

"I have always believed in the Bible," says John Wright, 52, president of Chattanooga's 20-branch American National Bank. "I have always believed that Jesus was the Son of God." For a dozen years, in fact, Wright has been an elder of Lookout Mountain Presbyterian Church. But not until last year did he fully accept Jesus as a "personal Saviour." His decision came at a special series of "renewal" services at his church, where he heard a St. Louis minister preach on the famous text from the Gospel of St. John, in which Jesus tells Nicodemus that he must be "born again" to gain eternal life. "The sermon turned my life around," recalls Wright. Now he rises at 5:30 a.m. to read the Bible and pray. He joins fellow Christians in discussion groups and prayer sessions, including one he holds at his bank headquarters before work every Tuesday morning. Once reticent about his faith, he now talks freely about Christ to people he meets. "The Lord has blessed me," explains Wright, "and I want to share what has happened."

Abyss of Sin. Like many a Christian before him, John Wright has been touched by the "good news" of Jesus' life, teachings and atoning death—the redemptive message that Anglo-Saxons dubbed the *gospel* and early Greek Christians called the *evangelion*. Among modern American Protestants, enthusiasts like Wright are identified as evangelicals because they give an urgent priority to spreading the gospel announcement. They want every human being to experience the truth that Jesus died to redeem *him* from the abyss of sin; they preach that faith in Jesus as Lord and Saviour is necessary for salvation, that the Bible is the one unimpeachable

guidebook to faith and life. Those who accept the invitation of the good news are converted or "regenerated"—simply a Latinism for born again.

Evangelicals flourish in many parts of the country, but nowhere are they more identified with the prevailing religious culture than in the South. Perhaps 20 million of the South's 32 million Protestants are evangelicals,* as opposed to 5.5 million Roman Catholics and only 500,000 Jews.

Evangelicals cut across racial and sectarian lines, dominating some bodies like the Southern Baptists and the Churches of Christ, acting as a counterweight in others, like the Methodists and Presbyterians. Southerners are the most churchgoing people in the nation, and from camp meeting through riverside baptisms to huge urban congregations, the tone and temper of Southern Protestantism is evangelical.

That is a historical irony. Before the rise of Protestant liberalism in the 19th century, when scholars began to question such keystone doctrines as the deity of Jesus and his resurrection, U.S. Protestantism was generally evangelical. Then came the Civil War and in its wake, the growth of Northern cities and the drift of Northern Protestantism into a more liberal camp.

For the South, of course, the Civil War was a different kind of watershed. Defeated, humiliated, impoverished, the South sorely needed the solace of a firm faith. By hewing to the hard tenets of

*Included as evangelicals are those who often prefer to call themselves fundamentalists because they believe in biblical fundamentals. A distinct wing of evangelicalism they are almost a separate movement—more exclusive in their religious life, less tolerant of other views and heretely liberalist regarding the Bible.

evangelical religion, Southern Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and others could lord it over the backsliding Northerners in at least one respect—the purity of their belief. Their fervently reiterated faith in the "blood of the Lamb" gave them, in a phrase from a gospel song, "blessed assurance" of eternal life. Wealth, property, even life itself could be taken away from them at any hour. Heaven could not. That spiritual oneness persists today.

Its otherworldliness also made Southern evangelical Protestantism attractive in the face of social problems. During the late 19th century, when Northern Protestants were beginning to preach the reform-minded Social Gospel, Southern Christians tended to believe that the world's social evils were insurmountable. Religion scholar Samuel S. Hill Jr. of the University of North Carolina suggests that the churches' heavy emphasis on human guilt may have helped assuage the consciences of white Southern Christians about racial discrimination: those who were born again were forgiven their personal sins, even though other sins might persist unchecked in their society.

Holy War. While foot dragging on racial injustice, white Southern Protestants rushed to join the holy war against alcohol. So ardently was liquor pursued as the sin that begot all others that it seemed to become a scapegoat for Southern social evil. Nowadays a regenerated Christian like Jimmy Carter can discreetly sip a Scotch, but the cause of Prohibition is by no means dead. In a referendum last month, the citizens of Americus, Ga., 10 miles from Plains, voted 1,063 to 939 to exclude liquor by the drink, a triumph for the town's ministers. Strict evangelicals also eschew gambling, tobacco, and dancing.

Before John Kennedy calmed their fears in 1960, some evangelicals ques-

BILLY GRAHAM ADDRESSING SOUTHERN BAPTISTS

JOHN WRIGHT (RIGHT) AT BANK PRAYER MEETING



tioned whether a Catholic President would let his religion interfere in his duties. Yet evangelicals themselves can energetically wield power to influence politics. Many Southern ministers, believing that parts of the Equal Rights Amendment undercut the scriptural order of family relationships, have opposed it. More parochially, a Presbyterian minister in Charlotte, N.C., sent out a questionnaire last month to nine school-board candidates asking them if they were born-again Christians.

It is a potentially embarrassing question. North Carolina's Billy Graham, by far the best-known U.S. evangelical, observes, with little hyperbole, that in the South "it is impossible to be elected to political office and not be a church member in good standing." But many church-going Southerners are not evangelicals, and some may not even be believing Christians. Last year, when aggressive Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair appeared on an Atlanta radio talk show, dozens of sympathetic listeners phoned in, some of whom declared they were regular churchgoers because of social pressures, not religious conviction.

Altar Call. Despite such minority inclinations, Southerners still clearly feel the need for the comfortable spiritual assurance that a conversion experience can give. The language of piety, often delivered in rolling, stentorian tones by shirt-sleeved, perspiring preachers in tents and open-air meetings, still focuses on events like the "altar call" in which sinners "come forward" to repent and accept Jesus. Warnings of spiritual doom and messages of heavenly promise line Southern highways: sheet-metal signs, boulders and barns emblazoned with phrases like REPENT! JESUS SAVES and PREPARE TO MEET GOD. For the believer, nothing is impossible: specialists in faith healing offer the sick and disturbed the hope of recovery. Even occasional deaths do not chill the fervor of the mountain Christians who test their faith by handling poisonous snakes. This yearning for spiritual guarantees may have originated in the dangerous life of the backwoods, but the urgency of redemption now attracts businessmen like Tennessee Banker Wright—and Presidential Candidate Carter.

Whether the South's revived visibility means a new vogue for Southern religious forms is a matter of debate. Southern Baptist Spokesman W.C. Fields, observing that the South has "finally joined the Union," believes that "our denominations, our style of worship, our thought patterns, will likely change to be more like the rest of the country." Disputing that, Religion Historian Kenneth K. Bailey of the University of Texas points to the continuing growth of conservative, evangelical churches in the North and West and a new wave of membership losses in liberal, mainstream Protestant denominations. His contention: "The nation is accepting the Southern view of religion."

A Church That Belongs

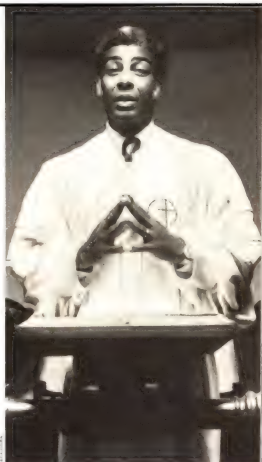
Nashville is a church town. It is the South's Protestant Vatican, a center of denominational agencies and bureaucracies, and the home of more than 700 churches, including two that call themselves First Baptist. The one in the modernistic new building near the Tennessee state capitol is formally named First Baptist Church, Capitol Hill. Organized in 1844, its first pastor was an ex-slave who had been a janitor in the other First Baptist Church and had been instructed in theology by its pastor. Most of the 565 members of the Capitol Hill Church are black, though its doors are "open to all people of all races at all times."

So declares its current pastor, the Rev. Kelly Miller Smith, 55, who has headed the congregation since 1951. No Nashville minister has played a more central role in the city's racial situation.

Black Pride. Raised in the all-black town of Mound Bayou, Miss., Smith had little experience with whites until a gun-toting lynch mob roared into town when he was twelve. The mob threatened to shoot a black doctor whom they suspected of treating the man they were chasing. As young Smith watched, the doctor defied them: "Well, shoot!" The would-be lynchers drifted away. Other lessons in black pride were taught Smith by his father, a devout Baptist deacon who was chief grand mentor of the Knights and Daughters of Tabor, a secret society akin to the Masons. The society emphasized black self-help and founded the Taborian Hospital in Mound Bayou in 1941. Smith went to Morehouse College in Atlanta and took his divinity degree from Howard University. Nashville's First Baptist was his second pulpit, and it proved to be an important one.

Most of Smith's congregation have college degrees, and many are relatively wealthy, making First Baptist something of an anomaly among black churches. In the civil rights storms of the '50s and '60s, Smith's congregation was constantly in the forefront. As local N.A.A.C.P. president in the '50s, Smith spearheaded the campaign to integrate Nashville's schools. The church itself was a staging area for the sit-ins that ultimately integrated Nashville's hotels and restaurants. Smith became one of the chief spokesmen during talks between black activists and white businessmen. "It was the local businessmen who agreed first," Smith recalls with a certain Southern pride, "but they said for competitive reasons they would have to wait until they could get the national chains to integrate too."

An affable diplomat, Smith stays on good terms with white church leaders and allows that "the white church is doing significant things helping individuals



KELLY MILLER SMITH IN THE PULPIT
In a crisis, the phone will ring.

to cope with the problems of life." But he sees a basic difference between the black and white church in the South. "The black church responds to oppression in the way we sing, preach, strategize and organize. The church is the one place where many blacks experience liberation. The white church accommodates the oppressors. Its work is carried on so as not to offend them."

Young Converts. Smith is concerned that racial inequities are now being overlooked because the more blatant signs of discrimination are past. "Whites simply don't pay much attention to blacks," he observes. He himself is assistant dean of Vanderbilt Divinity School (the first black in the seminary's administration), but he notes that "it is difficult to get seminaries to take into account that black Christians existed and do exist." Smith is disappointed that some young blacks have become converts to other religions—the Black Muslims, for instance. Still, he believes that in the South the number of black youths in the Christian churches is about the same as it was ten years ago.

Smith sums up: "The church is still the dominant agency for black interests. You can be sure that in a crisis the phone will ring. All members of the black community do not belong to the church, but the church belongs to all the community. And everybody knows it."

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Push But Not Shove

It was his first judicial conference, and new Chief Justice Howell T. Heflin was sharply taken aback. "Let's get around the Supreme Court on this one if we can," a senior justice had just announced. That was five years ago Alabama's high court, like those of other Southern states, was still trying to thwart the Supreme Court of the United States—even after a decade and a half of reversals by federal judges. But shortly after the new chief's swearing-in a secretary at the marmoreal Montgomery supreme court building shrewdly guessed that "things are going to be different around here. Mr. Heflin just ordered a Dictaphone."

Briar Patch. Different and then some. Armed with a passionate belief in "business-type supervision of the business operations of courts" and a native sense of how to push without shoving, Heflin has transformed Alabama's antiquated judiciary into one of the most modern and efficient in the U.S. He no sooner had his Dictaphone than he began sweet-talking the legislature and the electorate into reforming the state's briar-patch of conflicting court jurisdictions and ludicrous rules. It was a five-year campaign, but he won it. Next January Alabama will get a single statewide court structure with common procedural rules. A workable system for disciplining the judiciary has been added: all judges must now be lawyers, and appellate judicial salaries have vaulted from an average of \$22,500 to \$33,500 (still under the national average).

While lobbying through his reforms, the chief justice was also wielding his official and personal power to chop into a horrifying backlog of cases. He drafted 55 retired or underworked judges to dispose of hundreds of appeals cases that had languished for as long as five years. Result: the backlog is gone. Since 1973 the appellate docket has been "current," a rarity for state courts. By mixing public praise for jurists who cut their trial backlog with private tongue-lashings for those who did not, Heflin achieved a 66% drop in criminal trial delays in the face of a 48% jump in cases filed. Civil trials were similarly speeded.

At 6 ft 4 in and 260 lbs., Heflin, 55, is a strapping giant of a man, but he conspicuously avoids throwing his weight around. His background might well have produced a dyed-in-the-cotton supporter of the status quo instead of a reformer. Heflins have been in the state for six generations; the judge's late uncle, Cotton Tom Heflin, a populist turned black-baiting U.S. Senator (1920-



HEFLIN AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE
A sweet-talking giant.

31), was drummed out of the Democratic Party in 1928 for attacking Presidential Nominee Al Smith as "the Roman candidate." Young Howell went to Birmingham Southern College, served as a Marine officer in World War II and still has a stiff right thumb from machine-gun wounds suffered on Guam. After graduating from the University of Alabama Law School in 1948, he opened an office in Tusculum. His first month's gross income: \$8 including four \$1 fees.

Stepping Down. A successful trial and personal injury practice led Heflin to the presidency of the Alabama bar in 1965, and he turned that social club into a lobby for reform. In 1970, when an archsegregationist became the top candidate for chief justice, Heflin decided to take him on. "There was a feeling someone else ought to run," he recalls mildly. He won by a 2-to-1 margin. And while the Heflin court has hardly become the most liberal in the country, one local civil rights lawyer says that as of now, "I'd rather take my chances with the supreme court of Alabama than with the Supreme Court of the U.S."

The chief justice's achievements have stirred some resentment. Grips longtime Court Clerk Fred Posey: "I don't need the Great White Father Heflin telling me how to run things." But Steve Suits, state director of the American Civil Liberties Union, is closer to general Alabama sentiment. "Judge Heflin is one of the few people in this state about whom my grandmother, my mother and I all agree." Heflin has chosen to step down from office when his term expires in January, and many expect him to run for Governor or the U.S. Senate within the next few years.

Meanwhile, he continues with his innovations. This fall, to increase public

understanding of the law, he will convene the supreme court in two high schools and hear actual cases. Back in Montgomery, Heflin plans to let TV cameras into his courtroom.

Last month Heflin became chairman of the Conference of Chief Justices. Naturally, he will spend much of his year in office spreading the word to the rest of the U.S. about the lessons in court reform it can learn from Alabama.

A Flying Sheriff

In the boondocks of the Cotton South, that stretch of rich soil spreading from Georgia west to the Mississippi River, every black knew one unwritten law: you did not mess with the county sheriff. Oldtime courthouse minstrels in Alabama still guffaw at the memory of P.C. ("Lummie") Jenkins, sheriff of Wilcox County from 1939 to 1971. "Old Lummie had blacks so scared," one such regular recalls, that "all he had to do was pass the word he wanted some nigger in his office in the morning. Sure enough, that nigger'd be there—or he'd fled the county."

But written law makes the office of sheriff elective, and few institutions have changed more radically since the mass enfranchisement of Southern blacks. Only five blacks—four of them in Alabama—have managed to get elected to the job, but the day of the head-cracking Southern sheriff is passing. Says W.D. Nichols, sheriff of Dallas County, Ala.: "Most of the oldtimers with the potbellies and pilots' glasses have either retired or been defeated."

Taking their places are politically savvy lawmen like Robert L. (for Lee, naturally) Turner, 46, of Autauga County, Ala. Like most of his Deep South colleagues, who generally still favor straightening out troublemakers in the

woods behind the courthouse, Turner is a firm believer in law-and-order. But he made certain to pass out his "Sheriff Turner" pens last year evenhandedly to blacks and whites alike, his constituency of 25,000 is 28% black. Turner's law-enforcement philosophy: "We do our dead-level best to negotiate rather than have a bunch of folks get hurt. The [white] people around here may not like it, but they'll accept it."

Turner first won in 1970 on a platform calling for professional law enforcement and modern police equipment. He had a way to go on both counts. But after getting in, Turner promptly went off to a new school for sheriffs in Tuscaloosa, where a speaker showed how he could keep his campaign promises by applying for new federal money available from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration.

Shiny Motorcycle. Since then Turner has extracted \$250,000 in aid from the feds and the state. In the anteroom of his office in Prattville now stands a Burroughs 500 computer terminal that is plugged into Alabama and FBI crime information centers. Near by is a \$30,000 radio console. Parked outside are eight patrol cars, a two-tone green 1976 van and a shiny motorcycle. Last week Turner was cruising about in a helicopter on loan from a federal civil defense program. The sheriff has also spent half of his grant money to train his staff, which has grown from three to 17 deputies—including two blacks.

Though he still smashes whisky stills (28 last year), Turner is more worried about burglary: up 200% since 1972 and drugs. Along with new problems have come new solutions. Last January Turner began a work-release program for prisoners and replaced the ill-famed sheriff's posse with a trained "reserve deputy force." Says he: "My predecessors wouldn't know what I am talking about these days." But the voters seem to understand. Turner was re-elected last year without opposition.

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A Honky-Tonk Man

The South is to the music of America what late 18th century Vienna was to the classical-music era of Europe—the source. In fact, anyone who ponders the long Southern legacy—from jazz to blues, from gospel to bluegrass, and, more lately, truckers' songs—might just begin imagining that the Mississippi has been flowing North all this time. Southern music rose from the common man, but there is nothing common about its variety or the range of lives it touches and consoles. These days "country" is the handiest title to cover a multitude of sounds. At hundreds of festivals across the land, bluegrass picks and twangs its way along pretty much as it has for the past 40 years. The city of Nashville still produces its vanilla-shake love ballads with comforting monotony. Down in Austin, Texas, the country-rock cantatas of Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings are as popular as ever. No single style or performance can typify all of country music. But one strain of country is something old and new called honky-tonk. It is both a style and a place, and of the place it used to be said that "honky-tonks were where a white man could get killed by his own kind while listening to country music." To keep track of both style and setting, *TIME* Correspondent David DeVoss went to Florida to talk with the current king of honky-tonk, Gary Stewart. DeVoss's report

Anyone else would have left for the gig 20 minutes ago. Not Gary Stewart.

who, at 32, has suddenly become a star of the rowdiest brand of country rock—honky-tonk. Were he in a larger town, promoters and agents would be nervously pinching their digitals. But this is a languid evening in Fort Pierce, Fla., Stewart's home town, and the squeak of a front-porch rocker is music enough for now. Besides, one must rest after a supper of pork chops and okra. Digestion is a ritual, a time for introspective belching. "It stays nice and slow here," Stewart sighs. "Everybody's family. It's the South, and I'll never leave."

Stewart could leave any time he wants. He has a contract with RCA Records up in New York. All three of his albums have been gushed over by critics. He has had three No. 1 country hit singles—one of which offers a shot of sheer country angst: *My heart is breakin' like the tiny bubbles. / She's actin' single, I'm drinkin' doubles.* The success of songs like that makes Fort Pierce mighty proud, especially the 31 Stewarts listed in the phone book, all of whom are related to Gary some way or other.

Preceded by two headlights, a funeral of dust announces the arrival of Bill Eldridge, a former Fort Pierce cop who helped write Stewart's first album, *You're Not the Woman You Used to Be*. Eldridge has come to escort his friend, now somewhat lulled by the grease and beer, to the evening's performance. It is a Tuesday night, normally a slow evening, but the Flying Bridge Lounge is

packed with a country crowd ready to greet the local boy with rebel yells. Men cradle sweating bottles of Pabst against their paunches and admire the sun-streaked blondes who prance about in cloven dittos and T shirts. The Flying Bridge is without pretension, the kind of lowdown joint Stewart loves to play.

Honky-tonk songs, like *Pistol Packin' Mama*, came out of Texas in the late 1930s and early '40s. Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis adapted the style to rock 'n' roll in the '50s. Sometimes called rockabilly, it celebrates booze, gambling, fighting, steppin' out, temptation and, like all country music, love. Honkin' is the word for having a good time. In the olden days the distinctive instrumental sound of honky-tonk was tinny guitar and pianoplunk. Today the new rockabilly is a country-and-western-rhythm-and-blues mix, and its dominant sound is a heavily thudding rock bass.

Cloos Act. As a performer, Gary Stewart's special attraction is the energetic diversity he displays when given a beer and a stage. Hunched over the piano, a spindly Ichabod partial to wide-brimmed swamper hats, Stewart invites everybody to get loose to something like his own *Hank Western*, with a weakness for "any good-lookin' woman, any kind of booze." The delivery, in a tight, nasal tenor voice, is as seasoned as the inside of an old spittoon, but heartfelt. Says Stewart: "It's all a poor man's music that talks about troubles on the home front and hard times on the job."

When Stewart was twelve, his father moved the family to Fort Pierce following the failure of the family coal mine in Payne Gap, Ky. Two years later, Gary found a book of diagrammed musical chords. At 15 he was playing in local bars. By 17, he was married and working in an airplane factory. He began his day at the tool crib, but would soon be scribbling song lyrics on a note pad. "I lived for the weekend, and when it came I hated to see the morning come."

Shortly after turning 21, Stewart began playing piano "full time," a euphemism that translated into \$55 for a weekend's work. That money, plus tips brought home by his wife Mary Lou, who was working as a bartender, allowed Stewart to spend most of the week writing. When Bill Eldridge joined him, the two began making annual summer trips to Nashville to peddle their wares.

In 1969 he moved to Nashville with Eldridge and Mary Lou. During one period in 1971, four of Stewart's songs were simultaneously rated among the nation's Top Ten country tunes. But he was not happy, and after two years he went back to Florida. "The man was paying me money," Stewart remembers. "At first the songs came without much effort, but after a while we lost what we had. I wasn't living what I was writing." At

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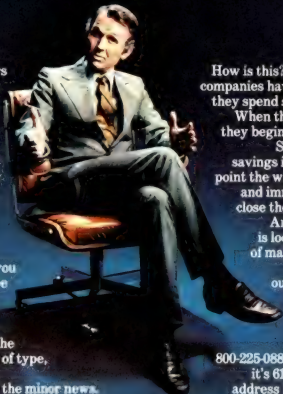
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MUSIC

home he wrote songs by day, but on weekends he enjoyed himself playing countrified rock 'n' roll at the ancient Fort Pierce Hotel. It was a class act. His group bought white tuxedos from the Salvation Army, dyed them pink and covered the lapels with glitter.

Some of Stewart's songs today reflect a life devoted to kinkfolk and lazy afternoons. In *Easy People* the affection and ennui are all but overwhelming:

Someone's turning in the gate off the road.

*One of you kids get a stick,
And run the dogs off the porch.*

*Go draw some fresh drinkin' water
from the spring
Mama, quit peeling them peaches.
Move over, let him sit in the swing.*

For all that, and the \$1,000 he now receives for an evening's performance, his life has changed little. His beloved black 1941 Buick sedan and a '65 Dodge Dart are the only family automobiles. "I might like to walk on a little bit nicer rug," he admits. "But if I get caught up in big cars and fancy homes, I'll lose touch with the people. My music is simple honky-tonk. It's nothing too eloquent 'cause I'm a simple man."

More Than Just Pickin'

The classical performing arts in the South are not yet a match for the best the North has to offer. Southerners nonetheless have been doing nobly to prove that there is more to their culture than just pickin'. Cities like Atlanta, Dallas, Houston, Louisville, Miami and New Orleans have supported and enjoyed orchestras highly regarded all over the country. The South's most significant musical growth stems from the role it has played in the regional-opera boom now sweeping the U.S.

The Dallas Civic Opera, a kind of tumbleweed La Fenice, since the late 1950s has been the place where Americans first saw such stars as Joan Sutherland, Jon Vickers and Placido Domingo in opera. Vickers returns to help open the season Nov. 5 in the rarely heard *Samson* by Handel. The up-and-coming Greater Miami Opera Association does not hit its stride until the sun seekers' stamped from the Northeast begins, but in its emphasis on big names and traditional works, it sometimes outdoes Dallas. Miami will open with Cesare Siepi in *Boris Godunov* (Jan. 17). Later on it will feature Sherrill Milnes in *Macbeth* (March 7). Carole Neblett, along with Domingo, in *La Fanciulla del West*. In Jackson, Miss., the all-black company Opera South gives young singers the chance to be heard in standard works (*The Flying Dutchman*, *Elixir of Love*). Black composers get their day too. On Nov. 20 Ulysses Kay's new opera *Jubilee* will be introduced.

The top performing-arts company in the South is incontestably the Houston Grand Opera (TIME, July 19). In his four-year reign, young General Director David Gockley, 33, has turned the company into one of the seven best in the U.S. The forthcoming season opens with *Rigoletto* (Oct. 15) but includes such attractions as Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* (Jan. 28) and Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea* (March 25). Gockley's innovations include the creation of the touring Texas Opera Theater, which has successfully made a home in Texas and five nearby states; next month, for instance, Sousa's saucy operetta *El Capitán* again takes to the road. Gockley is perhaps most proud of the two Houston shows that reached Broadway: Scott Joplin's *Treemonisha* last fall and Geršwin's *Porgy and Bess* this week. "Why can't grand opera produce something like *Kiss Me, Kate*?" he asks. If anyone is going to come up with the answer some day, it could well be Houston's Gockley.



CLAMMA DALE AS BESS IN HOUSTON PORGY

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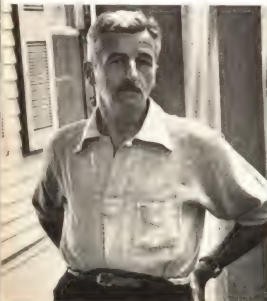
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ISHMAEL REED



Yoknapatawpha Blues

Long after the rest of the country was losing them, the South still possessed those things that are often thought essential to great literary art: a hot sense of pride and guilt, a feel for land and family, a known way of doing things and, above all, a feeling of shared pain and history. Through the slow days and long nights, Southerners told stories—their own and the one everybody knew by heart: the brave defeat in defense of an ignoble cause.

But if great art was possible—even likely—from such material, not much in fact resulted, at least until the 1920s when William Faulkner began cultivating Yoknapatawpha County, the patch of "rich deep black alluvial soil" that was alike his invention and his home. Suddenly, a whole generation of Southerners saw the ground beneath their feet for what it could be: a foothold on the universe. Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Katherine Anne Porter, Robert Penn Warren, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Tennessee Williams, early Truman Capote, Flannery O'Connor—for close to 40 years, the line of inspired Southern writers seemed inexhaustible. Critics sometimes refer to this outpouring as the Southern literary renaissance. It is a misnomer, for nothing like that flow of writing had occurred in the region before. For American readers, it transformed the South, the literary South at least, into some sort of national possession, a province of the imagination like Camelot or Shakespearean England.

Fading Manners. Southern writers did not form a school. The works they produced were far less of a piece than is usually imagined. Welty's gentle, loving Mississippians live at a vast remove from Faulkner's tormented, often tormenting souls. Many Southern writers, in fact, have chafed at being pigeonholed as such. Flannery O'Connor, a Catholic whose brilliant short stories lacerated characters to get at their souls, once said flatly, "I'm interested in the old Adam. He just talks Southern because I do." But when her native land was ridiculed, she snapped, "When I'm asked why Southern writers particularly have a penchant for writing about freaks, I say it's because we are still able to recognize one." Most Southern writers shared her stated literary purpose: "To observe our fierce and fading manners in the light of an ultimate concern."

O'Connor died in 1964. In retrospect, that date looks like the end of a literary era. If so, was it because the modern Snopesian world of rootless mechanical men and heartless financiers had finally, as Faulkner was always predicting, done in the South? Or was it

that creation flagged once deprived of one powerful, catalytic genius? Whatever the reason, Southern writing today, at the moment of what may be that region's first national triumph in over 100 years, seems stalled between the glorious past and an uncertain future. The past, in fact, has become a burden to its inheritors. On their triumphant march, the older authors left much of the terrain scorched earth. Writers who now elect to deal in moldering mansions and history-whipped alcoholics risk unfavorable comparisons with Faulkner. Indeed, no one who writes on the South can escape Faulkner's shadow. Says Novelist Walker Percy: "The problem is how to get out from under him."

Red Schoolhouse. One solution, as Percy has demonstrated in *The Moviegoer*, is to turn away from the Faulknerian South and look at the place now. But the view strikes some as aesthetically disappointing, says Percy: "A subdivision or shopping center in the South is much the same as in White Plains."

Southerners naturally prefer progress to poverty and ignorance; but something in every artist has to mourn the loss of oddness and individuality. Almost ruefully, Ernest J. Gaines (*The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*), who now lives in California, describes the changes in the rural Louisiana of his childhood: "My heroes were the proud black men and women who took a helluva beating from the land and got up next day and tried again. But you can't write about that. It is over and gone and done with. You can't write about the red schoolhouse that I went to because it's gone too. You can't write about mules. Maybe now you can write about tractors... but that's not as romantic."

Southern writers who still want to exploit the romantic or the bizarre must push further and further back into chills and shadows. Two recent novels suggest that the quest may not be worth the effort. Paul Allen's *Apeland* (Viking, \$7.95) deals with a pack of bloodthirsty yokels who pursue an escaped female gorilla through a Florida swamp. Harry Crews' *A Feast of Snakes* (TIME, Sept. 13) recounts the butchery, human and otherwise, that accompanies an annual rattlesnake hunt in a backwater of Georgia. Both books are technically competent, but neither author endows his characters with anything but barbarous mania. They write, as Faulkner put it, "not of the heart but of the glands."

Despite such disappointments, it would be foolish to say the South is now a closed book. The long civil rights nightmare of the '60s is waiting for a talented dreamer. Blacks in increasing

THE SOUTH/BOOKS

number are examining their American experience, and for most that story takes shape in the South. Alex Haley's forthcoming *Roots* (Doubleday; \$12.50) is a vast autobiographical novel about a search for black ancestors—in Africa and later on the plantations. In a soon-to-be-published novel, *Flight to Canada* (Random House; \$6.95), Ishmael Reed, born in Chattanooga, Tenn., but raised in Buffalo, goes back to the Old South for a disc-jockey retelling of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. At one point, an outwardly servile slave diddles his late master's will and inherits the estate. "Yeah," he says about his fellow slaves, "they get down on me and [Uncle] Tom. But who's the fool? Nat Turner or us?" The target of Reed's broad, sometimes raging satire is American racism. But the South is also, in its readymade exaggerations, the best friend his fiction has.

If black writers are looking backward, some white writers are thinking about looking out. Says William Styron, a regional writer who lives in Connecticut: "Southern writers must now leave the swaddling clothes of the swamp and local color and address themselves to conditions elsewhere." Percy, whose three novels have moved steadily away from older Southern atmospheres, agrees: "We have the challenge to bring the peculiar Southern quality to bear on whatever we write." That approach has a history of some notable failures. Faulkner's one novel set entirely outside the South—*A Fable*—is wooden allegory. (Truman Capote abandoned skillful Southern fantasy for the nonfiction novel and case safety gossip.) As the South becomes more like the rest of the country, though, the outside world will become correspondingly familiar.

Personal Touch. For something has not changed in the South, and it is more crucial to a writer than any number of mules and mansions: a love of storytelling, the inborn conviction that life can be possessed by a beginning, a middle and an end. Says Lisa Alther, the Tennessee-born author of the recent bestseller *Kinflicks*: "In the South, it's important that everyone agrees. So instead of arguing about abstractions, they sit around telling stories. This training comes in very handy if you're interested in writing fiction." And always has. Says Eudora Welty: "We Southerners understand things through narrative, the personal touch. I don't think you can ever erase that."

If it is erased, what Faulkner called the "problems of the human heart in conflict with itself" will be left to the dissection of psychiatrists and chemists. The odds favor the writers. What they must do now is what writers have always done before: change people and place into a region of art—and of the heart.

Paul Gray



EDWARDS PICKING UP WHERE MITCHELL (RIGHT) LEFT OFF

THE SOUTH/SHOW BUSINESS

Back With the Wind

"I'll think of it all tomorrow, at Tara Tomorrow. I'll think of some way to get him back. After all, tomorrow is another day."

Almost forty years have passed since Scarlett O'Hara, spurned by Rhett Butler, sat down on the stairway of her Atlanta house to mull over the future. Now, at last, Scarlett's peity-paced tomorrow is about to dawn—in a new novel and movie. Hollywood Producers Richard Zanuck and David Brown have won the right to produce a movie sequel to Margaret Mitchell's classic tale of the Old South, *Gone With the Wind*.

The sequel, which the producers plan to call *The Continuation of Gone With the Wind*, was an idea whose time had come almost as soon as the original novel was published. *GWTW* devotees felt that Scarlett and Rhett were destined to be reunited, and scores of writers and producers were eager to oblige; they wanted to cash in on the sequel to a story that has since gone through 85 hard-cover editions and has almost certainly been seen as a movie by more people than any other film in history. Since Margaret Mitchell's death in 1949, however, the novelist's older brother, Stephens, had zealously guarded his sister's estate, crustily rebuffing all requests for sequel rights. Said he: "What Margaret was saying in her book, as I see it, was that many times a woman has a good man and doesn't know it until it's too

late." Getting them together again, he felt, would destroy a great plot—as well as undermine a sound moral. Now, at 80, Atlanta Attorney Mitchell, a father of two sons, has had a change of heart. Probably impressed by the phenomenal success of *Jaws*, he approached its co-producers, Zanuck and Brown, who promptly snapped up his offer. "I figured I might as well let them have a go at it," says Mitchell. "Nobody can write like Margaret could anyway."

Survival Books. Zanuck and Brown have an author who is willing to try. They have hired Anne Edwards, 49, to write "a deep, rich and complex novel" from which the screenplay will be adapted (the novel will be published in paperback at the same time the movie comes out). Says Brown: "Bear in mind that this is not the kind of project where a screenwriter can just sit down and write 'fade in.'" Even so, the producers want an outline this fall and the finished novel within a year.

Edwards is a veteran author; her nine books include a historical novel about Emily Dickinson, a biography of Judy Garland, and a soon to be published work on Vivien Leigh, who played Scarlett in the movie. Says Edwards: "All my books are about survival, and Scarlett was an absolute master of the art. I also consider myself a great survivor. In fact, I think of myself as Scarlett O'Hara." There are some parallels: Edwards' father was born into a wealthy

SHOW BUSINESS

family, but was unable to earn a living after the money ran out in the 1930s. To help out, little Anne began earning her keep at the age of seven by singing and dancing in vaudeville theaters; by age 17, she was a junior writer at MGM, and she has been writing ever since. She has plunged into her formidable assignment with a single-mindedness worthy of Scarlett. Just returned from a seven-week sojourn in the South, Edwards works in her Manhattan apartment bedroom, which she has converted into a cluttered archive of Reconstruction exotica. Beginning every morning at 8:30, propped up in bed by five pillows, she sifts through the five cartons of photocopied newspaper clippings that she collected in Dixie.

Yellow Fever. Concentrating on items published between 1872 and 1882 in Atlanta, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans and Jonesboro, she studies the big stories of the day, the proceedings of the state senate in Atlanta, and even

advertisements for patent medicines hawked during the yellow fever epidemic of the period—a plague that will undoubtedly provide some of the melodrama for *GWTH II*. Plotting possible ways for Scarlett and Rhett “to get richer and richer,” she leafs through the financial pages to see what was happening on the cotton and sugar exchanges.

In a bookcase full of historical and architectural volumes, Edwards has several issues of *Godey's Ladies' Book* with illustrations of clothing worn by Southern women during the Reconstruction era. “If I decide that Scarlett should have a new hat,” she explained to *TIME* Correspondent Mary Cronin, “I’ll go to my *Godey's* and I’ll be able to describe it.” Other descriptions will come from the 250 photographs, arranged by city and subject, borrowed and photocopied from libraries and historical societies. For the travels of Scarlett and Rhett, she has assembled a chronological collection of maps of many major cities in the South

“If Rhett is in New Orleans,” Edwards says, pointing to an 1873 map of New Orleans. “I will want to know what buildings existed that year in this part of the city where he might be doing business or perhaps dining.”

Does this mean that Rhett went to seek his fortune in New Orleans after leaving Scarlett? “I am not saying he did,” hedges Edwards, who is keeping the developing novel strictly under wraps. “But I will say that he did not go to San Francisco.” The only other clues she offers: Rhett and Scarlett will meet again and Scarlett will “become wiser.”

Despite her tight deadline and the formidable research, organization and writing problems that lie ahead, Edwards remains buoyant and optimistic. “After all,” she says, “it’s something that I love to do—weave a story about marvelous characters.” She is so secure about her task, in fact, that she stops work promptly at 4 p.m. and slips into a hot tub. Scarlett would have admired that.

THE SOUTH/SEXES

The Belle: Magnolia and Iron



Louisiana Feminist Annabelle Walker, demurely dressed in a hoop skirt and twirling a parasol, demonstrated in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment last year. “A man shies away from an overly aggressive female,” warns Gale Childers, who nonetheless has been aggressive enough to be a South Carolina bank branch manager at the age of 30. Alabama State Treasurer Melba Till Allen owes much of her success at the polls to her charming, ultrafeminine manner. Says she, “I don’t believe that a woman could win in Alabama if she were not a lady.” Yet Allen recently showed up for an official appearance in Birmingham driving a pickup truck complete with CB radio and gun rack.

These women and many others point up one of the South’s many paradoxes: the Southern woman, long limned in a moonlight-and-magnolia image, is emerging as rapidly as her Northern sister, perhaps faster. But she feels the tug of a centuries-old code of Southern femininity: Be a lady. Be the moral conscience of the family. Let your husband protect you from the baser things of life. Do not challenge or compete with men. Be nice to everyone, regardless of your actual feelings.

New Values. Many women are bending that code to accommodate new values and new jobs. As a born-again Christian, Alabama State Auditor Bettye Frink prayed hard as she tried to decide whether it was fair to her family for her to pursue politics. She concluded it was—“if I would leave my problems at work and not take them home.”

Not long ago Leone Ackerly, 31, a bored middle-class housewife, decided to hire herself out as a maid. Her mother went into shock. Now Ackerly runs a string of six cleaning services. “My mother just thinks I’m the smartest thing since the mousetrap.”

As recently as a generation ago, a job for a woman was unthinkable in most upper- and middle-class Southern white homes. Today, with urbanization, feminism, television and sheer economic pinch all playing a part, it is routine. Lynn McColl, 38, of Winston-Salem, became a schoolteacher when financial misfortune struck her family in the late ‘60s. “Now it’s not essential that I work—except to me,” she says. “My husband is very supportive. He is just a prince of a man.” More and more, Southern women work as telephone linemen, ministers, welders, lawyers and executives. Barriers are falling for black as well as white women. Says Anna Grant, a black Atlantan, “I thought that if only I could marry a man who wore clean overalls, then I’d have it made.” She has become a sociologist at Morehouse College.

From 1960 to 1970, the number of women in the South’s civilian labor force rose more than 40%; much of the increase was in technical and professional jobs. Women have accomplished this quiet revolution almost circumspectly—taking a cue from their mothers by never attacking the old code head-on. “As long as she was respectable,” says Duke University Historian Anne Firor Scott, “a Southern woman could get away with an awful lot.” A young Geor-

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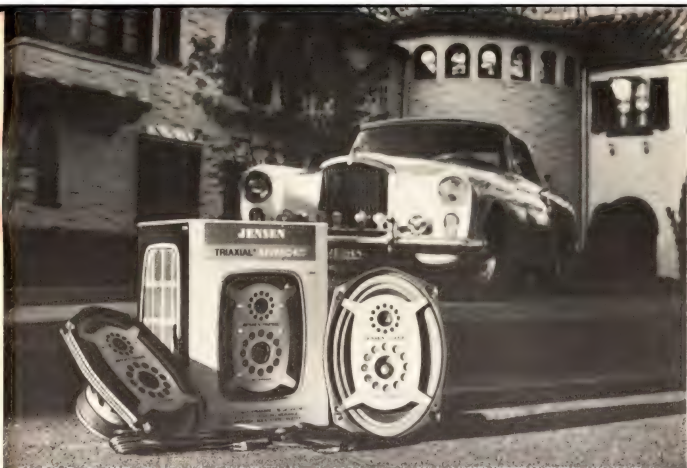
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THE SEXES

gia-born woman—now a writer in New York—recalls her mother drumming into her head "Do, but don't be seen doing." Says Molly Haskell, a Manhattan movie critic who was raised in Virginia, "One day one of my teachers said to us: 'Women rule the world.' But it was supposed to be a secret."

Hollywood movies of the '30s and '40s left no doubt about the Southern woman: she was a Jezebel. In fact, the traditional problem is not rebellion but "niceness," or what Journalist Florence King calls "the compulsive need to be sweet." A Southern woman is obliged to smooth over all social irritations with good manners and a smile. Literary Critic Josephine Hendin, writing about the late Georgia Novelist Flannery O'Connor, speaks of a Southern "politeness that engulfs every other emotion." "No matter how bad an evening has been," says Atlanta Psychiatrist Alfred Messer, a native of New Jersey, "Southern women never fail to say, 'Y'all come back and see us again soon' when they might want to say, 'Drop dead.'" Critic Haskell recalls having to take "sort of the Anita Loos approach" to society: "You ask the great big man what *he's* interested in." At its best, this politeness produces the immensely attractive surface of Southern life. At its worst, it produces an ingrained falseness and bottled-up anger. Billie Carr, a Memphis-born clinical psychiatric counselor, says, "I was raised to hide myself. I was used to being two people."

She adds, "I was a C— student. Smart girls weren't supposed to get boy friends." Says Messer, "Psychiatrists see Southern women because of their rage and resentment at having to bury their feelings. Northern women tend to be treated by psychiatrists more for depression and paranoia. There is much more hysteria in Southern patients." But, Messer notes, change is in the air: fewer Southern women are hiding anger and frustration behind the image of the happy gentlewoman.

Another paradox of Southern life is that the "niceness" image overlays a tra-

dition of strong women. Says Ackery: "Oh, we all love to see *Gone With the Wind*, and how Scarlett flits around with nothing to worry about except how small her waist is. But when it came time, Scarlett wasn't afraid to get her hands dirty. The Southern woman may seem soft and sweet, but she can do almost anything." Irma Lee Shepherd, a psychologist and professor at Georgia State University, agrees. Says she: "Girls who might whisper, simper and have the vapors at a dance often were very strong women who knew Latin and Greek and had developed strong wills from their fathers. There was the external myth and the role separation, but underneath there was a lot of role switching. Many girls were handy about solving problems about the farm, and many boys were handy in the kitchen."

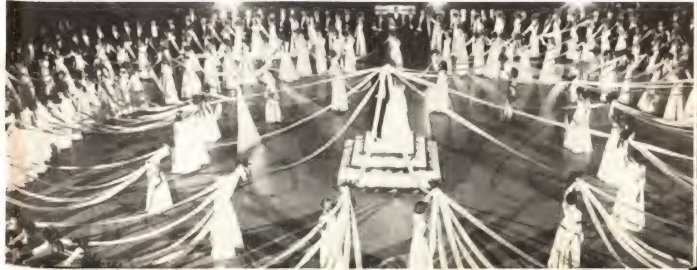
Iron Hand. Atlanta Therapist Jean Harsch cites Rosalynn Carter and Betty Talmadge as examples of strong women who can appear pretty and helpless. "The rest of the country," she says, "makes the mistake of seeing those as ingrained ways of being rather than learned skills." One Episcopal priest who has spent eight years in the South says he has never seen so many "brutally powerful women. They will say, 'Oh, don't say damn or I'll faint' and then castrate the man they're with."

Both black and white Southerners, in fact, basically live in a matriarchal society. The wife usually rules the home with an iron hand. Because of the links between church, family and community in the South, this often translates into great social power for matriarchs like "Miss Lillian," Jimmy Carter's mother.

Pauline Clance, a Georgia State University psychologist, thinks that the tradition of being both gentle and strong gives Southern women some advantage over their Northern sisters, who more commonly feel that the two qualities conflict. "Women in both the North and South are struggling with problems of their feelings about themselves," she says. "I think Southern women will find them easier to solve."



NORTH CAROLINA DEBUTANTE BALL (BELOW); THE MANY FACES OF SOUTHERN WOMEN



The South Tomorrow

BY C. VANN WOODWARD

A question raised up North a few years ago went like this: "Will the South become more like the rest of the country or will the rest of the nation be Southernized?" The question then applied to but one issue: civil rights and Governor George Wallace's appeal in the North. But it awakened many echoes, for it is an old question that has been raised before in various forms.

In recent years history has been returning perversely ambiguous answers: yes, the South has become more like the rest of the nation in some ways; but, yes, the rest of the country has been in some measure Southernized. The response of the South to being Northernized has been divided or resistant; that of the North to being Southernized has been more forthrightly negative. On both sides the conviction persists today that the South is different, and the differences are significant.

For more than three generations after the Civil War, the balance of trade in cultural influences went heavily against the South. The North was the exporter, the South the importer and consumer of ideas, styles, literature and fashions. Southerners compliantly pursued Yankee values, imitated Yankee models and tried to believe in Progress. They even ruthlessly suppressed Southern Populism, a movement that offered the only radical critique of corporate capitalism and dominant Northern values then viable in America. But Southerners were never converted into authentic Yankees; they proved to be dutiful consumers but poor imitators.

Eventually, the intersectional balance began to shift in favor of the South. The tipping point came in the Great Depression years when the level of Yankee morale fell as low as the level of production. The first sign of the change was a renaissance in Southern literature. A brilliant group of Southern poets, novelists and playwrights threw off the bonds of imitation and poured out works of power and innovative genius that were overwhelmingly Southern in subject matter as well as style. For the mass market, cruder Southern products flooded the land: hillbilly music, gospel music, the Grand Ole Opry.

But none of this compares in sheer impact and shock power with the South's mass export of human beings. Beginning earlier and accelerating during World War II, for more than two decades they moved north and west by the millions, black and white. The blacks constituted the vast majority, the greatest ethnic migration in American history. And they were Southern, too; perhaps the most quintessentially Southern of all. The North was confronted by a Southern invasion vaster by far than any General Lee ever mounted.

The new immigrants crowded into the cities with numbers and suddenness comparable to previous immigrant waves of Irish, Italians or Jews, and this time old settlers tended to leave the cities rather than move over Northerners'

The predictions for the South of 1990 indicate growth at a breakneck speed: a 22% increase in population, v. 15% for the nation as a whole; a 38% increase in jobs, largely in manufacturing, v. 28% for the nation; a 55% increase in per capita income, v. 48% nationally. To place these immense changes in perspective, TIME asked the author of the classic work, The Burden of Southern History, to share his insights on the changing identity of his native region, and six other eminent Southerners for their brief personal visions of what lies ahead.

schools, housing, courts, police, prisons, all were affected. Worse still, their own people were responding with "Southern" bigotry and bias. Northern cities burst into flame in the 1960s with insurrectionary violence surpassing any in the South. A Southerner swept presidential primaries with racist slogans in Northern states. Even Northern politics was being Southernized.

Resentment over all this revived the old stereotypes about the South: slavery, secession, peonage, segregation, lynching, Kluxery, violence, brutality, injustice and racism. These perceptions lowered the threshold of permissiveness for defamation of Southern whites. "Rednecks," "crackers" and "yahoos" were the milder epithets used with impunity. The South was the "Fort Knox of bigotry," a citadel of nativism, xenophobia, chauvinism, militarism, red-baiting fundamentalism and reaction.

During the civil rights movement, Southern whites had done much to justify defamatory stereotypes. Incidentally, that movement was not, as many assumed, an invention of Northern liberals. It was made in the South, the activist part, by Southern blacks and mainly fought out on native soil. White opposition from the time of massive resistance, the Citizens Councils and hard-core segregation, on through Little Rock, the battle of Oxford, the Birmingham bombings and the Selma march, had released some of the ugliest passions and brutality of the old racism—all spectacularly publicized by press and screen.

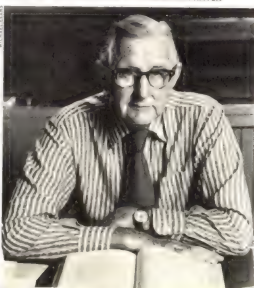
By the early '70s, passions had cooled on the racial front in the South. New accommodations rapidly developed. Some of this was surface cordiality, but improvements in the way ordinary people behaved to each other were undeniable and quite real. It was Northern schools that now had the most extreme segregation and displayed the most extreme reactions against integration. A new type of Southern patriot took delight in pointing a finger at Boston, that eldest moral critic and accuser of the South.

These developments helped to modify the old stereotypes and mitigate fear of Southernization in the North. The old grounds for Northern moral superiority gave way with the re-

alization that racism could be as bad and violence worse in the North. Self-righteousness withered along the Massachusetts-Michigan axis. Northern morale was further lowered by Viet Nam and Watergate, devastating blows at the widely held myths of invincibility, success and innocence. Those myths were never shared by the South anyway. In their present state of disenchantment and demoralization, Northerners are apprehensively looking south for leadership. Much they see is in their imaginations, but not all.

With the defensive isolation of the past behind it, the South of the future should be better prepared for a role of leadership and, for good or ill, more in step with the rest of the country. But there will be Southerners who resist an "Americaniza-

YALE HISTORIAN WOODWARD AT WORK IN NEW HAVEN





tion" composed of the shabbier values of other regions that already disfigure the landscape. It will be suggested that other regions might profitably undergo selective Southernization. Some would call it Southern counterculture.

What about the mad pace of Southern economic growth, the heedless sprawl of cities, the frantic industrialization, in short, the Bulldozer Revolution? It has come on the South with a swiftness that is without precedent and with an irresistible momentum. Will it not end by leveling all the old regional distinctiveness and completing the homogenization by duplicating in the South what people are fleeing in the North? Aren't cities the same everywhere and isn't one airport or supermarket indistinguishable from another? What distinctiveness is left?

Economic growth there is, and more there will be. But to take exception to the title of a Flannery O'Connor book, it does not follow that *Everything That Rises Must Converge*. For one thing, the South has not risen that much. For another, it had a long way to go to catch up, and it is still far behind. Sunbelt opulence still leaves the South much the poorest of the country's regions. The old Southern distinction of being a people of poverty among a people of plenty lingers on. There is little prospect of closing the gap overnight.

Even if the South does catch up, economic convergence will not mean convergence in all things. Only the most vulgar economic determinism would argue so. Much of the old distinctiveness will be retained. Some of it, to be sure, is not readily quantifiable. That would include much of the old courtesies, the antique paternalism, the familial ambience, the love of place, the abhorrence of abstraction, the fear of being computerized.

All these "down-home" ways represent the instincts of black

Southerners as well as white. They are part and parcel of a common regional subculture that was hammered out between the two oldest, largest and most distinctive American minorities of all, the white Southerners and the Afro-Americans, during the centuries of their Southern experience. As a result, black Southerners will be a conspicuous part of any uplift the South is likely to make on national affairs.

Today the incubus of the regional inferiority complex is lifting from the back of the Southerner. It had been there so long that apology for being a Southerner had become almost a regional personality trait, a distinctive manner of speech, of gesture, a habit of mind. Now a new personality is emerging, and a welcome change it is if it can retain the humility without the inferiority.

During the past 200 years, the base of regional dominance has shifted from time to time. It was lodged longest north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. For nearly a century after the Civil War, the Northeast governed the country, furnished nearly all the Presidents and, for much of the period, presided over a built-in empire, the South and West, its annexed territories. That period may have ended.

For 32 of the first 36 years of the republic, the South held the presidency and the predominance of power. It managed to govern the country with some distinction in spite of the burden of slavery on its back and one hand tied behind, the black hand. With the burden removed, with both hands free, it might do even better should its chance come again.

Other Voices

WALKER PERCY, 60, poet and novelist: I can see the South easily becoming simply a part of the Sunbelt—maybe the heart of a Southern belt running all the way from Virginia around to Los Angeles. I can see it just emerging into another Texas, with wheeler-dealer politics. Lyndon Johnson and John Connally, with Billy James Hargis and Billy Graham.

But there is another possibility: Given the thesis that Southerners possess a certain talent for law, for government and politics—you remember the early Virginians—then maybe those talents will now be free to manifest themselves. Perhaps the South owes the country the debt. The North saved the Union the first time. I'm slightly optimistic that the South will save it a second time.

RAY JENKINS, 46, editorial-page editor of the *Alabama Journal*: In the next 20 years, I think the South is going to become scarcely distinguishable from any other part of the country. We're surrendering a lot of traditions, but I'm not sure that they're worth a lot. Who wants hookworm and pellagra?

I'm sort of pessimistic about racial problems. We're headed in the direction of Northern race relations where the blacks are going to be ghettoized and where you have this enormous difference in the schools between the whites from the suburbs and the blacks from the ghetto.

ALBERT MURRAY, 60, novelist and essayist: Certain regional characteristics will be maintained. Southern belles won't give up those accents because they're smart and know it often helps to sound dumb. But young liberal Southerners are rejecting the views—especially about race—of their Confederate ancestors. For the first time since the failure of the old Populist movement, we've got a workable coalition of poor whites, liberal whites and minorities. Jimmy Carter's manhood is entwined

with Andrew Young's, just like Huck Finn's was with Jim.

I hope the changes are permanent, but there could be a counterthrust. These things always go up and down. As a Southerner, my main response is through the blues. The nature of the blues is improvisation... you must be ready for all eventualities.

REUBIN ASKEW, 48, Governor of Florida: The South is going to be very much assimilated in the national mainstream, and the issues that concern the country generally are going to concern the South. People from the South will be accepted politically with much less suspicion and reluctance.

Most of the economic growth of this country over the next 25 years is going to occur in the Sunbelt. As the South grows, we have an opportunity to avoid the mistakes in urban growth that the North has made. I realize that you will have people of different economic levels living apart—the urban trend in the North has resulted in white suburbs and black ghettos. That isn't easy to avoid; it is a matter of making housing opportunities available without discrimination.

DEAN RUSK, 67, former Secretary of State: I'm very optimistic. With a little luck the South can show the way for the rest of the country in race relations. Blacks and whites are working together in the South. There are personal relationships here upon which we can build in ways that are not true in Watts and in Chicago. I think we can expect blacks to take a greater role in public service and in community affairs.

ALEXANDER HEARD, 59, chancellor of Vanderbilt University: The combination of resources now available in the South, including human resources and climate and water, promise the South a level of material prosperity that it has not enjoyed in relation to the rest of the nation for 150 years.

I believe that the evolution of black persons to full and equal status will be more rapid and harmonious in the South than elsewhere. The third century of American independence will be distinguished by a massive emergence of the South from the shackles of its inheritance into a major locus of the nation's economic, social and cultural strength.

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MILLSTONES

Married. W.C. Fields III, 32, assistant United States Attorney, and Linda Weibach, 26, his former secretary; in the City of Brotherly Love, which his late grandfather, the curmudgeonly film comedian, loved to twit—as in the epitaph he wrote for his tombstone: "On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

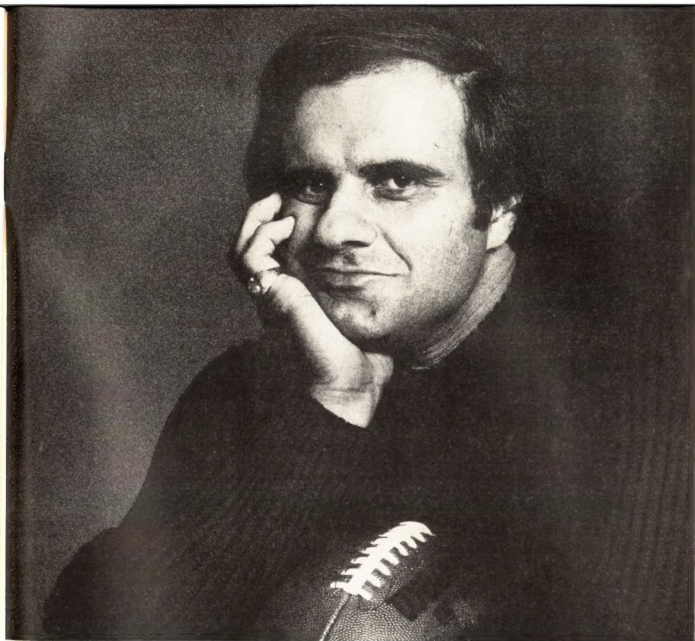
Died. Charles P. Gorry, 64, Associated Press photographer who covered every U.S. President from Franklin Roosevelt to Gerald Ford; of a heart attack; in Arlington, Va. Gorry's 1964 picture of Lyndon Johnson lifting his pet beagle by the ears drew howls of protest from dog lovers and a week's banishment of Gorry from the White House.

Died. Camilo Ponce Enriquez, 64, former President of Ecuador (1956-60); of a heart attack; in Quito. Ponce, elected as a Conservative with a plurality of only 29%, won liberal support by leveling his country's raging inflation and stabilizing its economy. His administration was followed by a series of coups and military juntas.

Died. Carl Carmer, 82, American historian and novelist, after a long illness, in Bronxville, N.Y. As a young English professor at the University of Alabama after World War I, Carmer wandered through the backwoods of the state, talking with natives both black and white. The result: *Stars Fell on Alabama*, a vivid collection of country lore. Its success led him back home to "York State," as he liked to call the 55 upstate New York counties, to write his loving chronicles of the region, including *Listen for a Lonesome Drum*, *Dark Trees to the Wind* and a novel, *Genesee Fever*. Carmer also published volumes on the Susquehanna and the Hudson rivers, which he fought to defend against pollution.

Died. Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, 83, who was expelled from his country in 1941 for courting the Nazis; in Paris. Following the 1934 assassination of King Alexander by Croatian nationalists, Paul became senior regent for eleven-year-old King Peter, his nephew. When his policy of conciliation with Hitler led to a popular military coup, Paul fled Yugoslavia, and Peter commanded an unsuccessful resistance to German occupation. Under British house arrest in Kenya until 1945, Paul lived in exile in Florence and Paris after the war.

Death Revealed. Nanda Devi Unsoeld, 22, an Olympia, Wash., coed and daughter of one of the first Americans to scale Mt. Everest (in 1963); of "acute high-altitude sickness" while on an expedition with her father on Nanda Devi, the 25,645-ft. peak in the Himalayas for which she was named; on Sept. 8.



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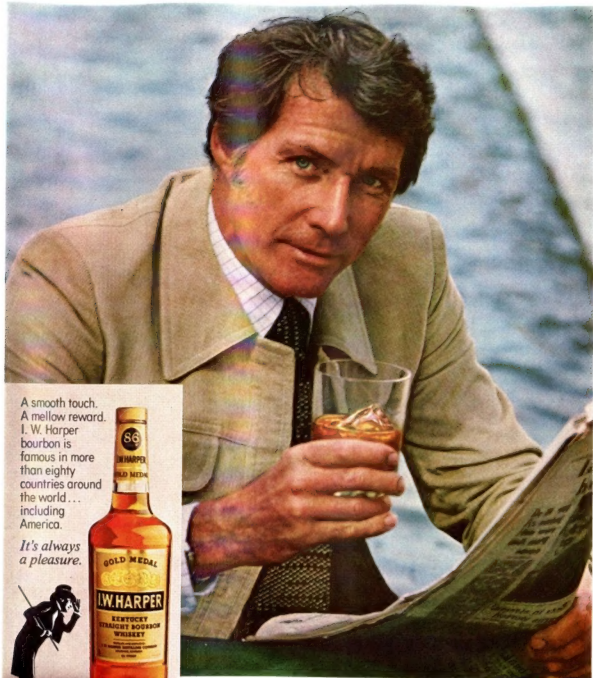


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